

The Sketch

No. 773.—Vol. LX.

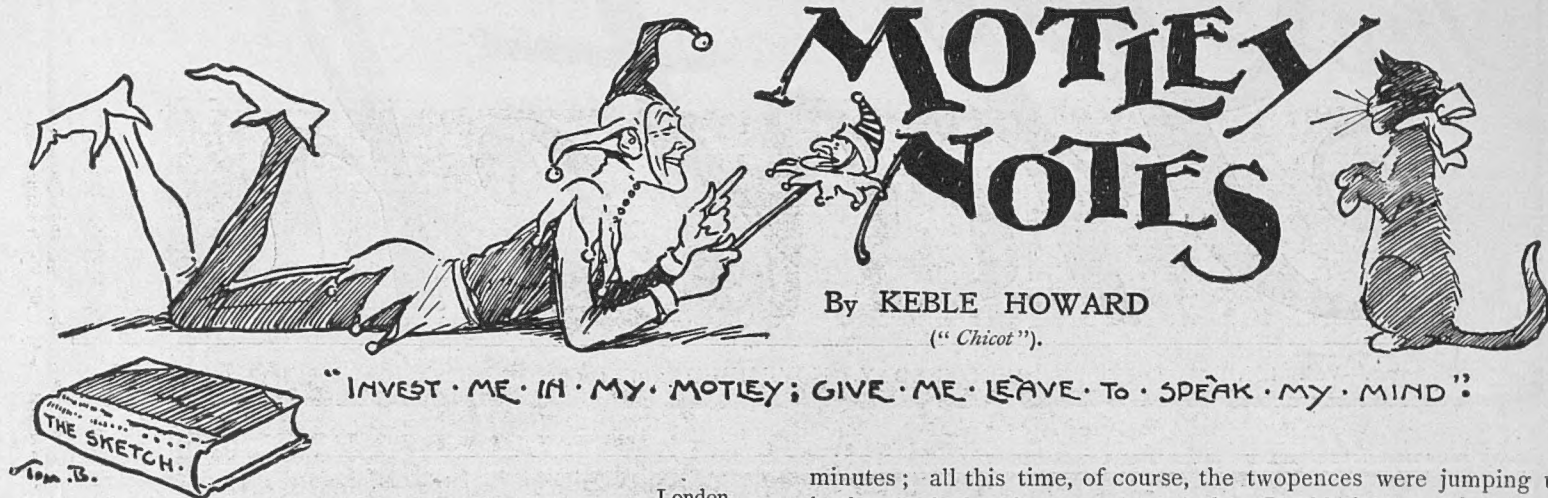
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1907.

SIXPENCE.



IN THEIR WEDDING GARMENTS: PRINCE AND PRINCESS CHARLES OF BOURBON,
PHOTOGRAPHED IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

The wedding of Princess Louise of France, sister of the Duc d'Orléans, and Prince Charles of Bourbon was celebrated on Saturday last in the presence of a remarkable assemblage of distinguished personages, including the King and Queen of Spain and the Queen of Portugal. The bride's dress was of white satin charmeuse, splendidly embroidered, and with a long Court train. The veil was of point d'Angleterre, and followed in some particulars one worn by Marie Antoinette. In its design figured the fleur-de-lys and the arms of the bride and bridegroom.—[*Photograph by C. Vandyk.*]



The Dog-Dragger's Catechism.

London.
Dog-dragging is the craze of the hour among the smart women of London. Walk down Oxford Street, Regent Street, or Bond Street any fine morning or afternoon and you will observe that every third woman you meet is dragging at least one dog. I saw a woman in Oxford Street a few mornings ago who was dragging four dogs. I suppose she was either a duchess or the wife of an American millionaire. The majority, however, are content with one dog. This is lucky, tending to lessen the difficulties of pedestrian traffic and also the sufferings of toy dogs. I should like to put a few simple questions to these dog-draggers. For example—

- (1) Do you think your dog is fond of you?
- (2) Granting that he is fond of you, do you think he likes to go out shopping with you?
- (3) Granting that he is fond of you, and that he likes to go out shopping with you, can you explain why he is so unwilling to place one foot before another?
- (4) Do you think it is pretty to see a woman dragging a dog down Regent Street by a chain attached to the tight collar round the poor little beast's neck?
- (5) Are you aware that you sometimes lift him clean off his forefeet, compelling him to walk many yards on his hind legs?

The "Yah!" Cure.

Vanity, of course, is at the root of this barbarous fashion. Certain women buy dogs, not because they love them and understand them, but because they think the poor little animal helps to complete the picture. I grant that a woman looks nice leading a dog when the dog is willing to be led. But when the dog is not willing to be led, the woman looks a fool. Knowing that she looks a fool, she just drags the dog along by main force, in the belief that the looker-on will not notice that the dog is sliding instead of walking. Many women apply this system to their husbands and children. But the husband can kick, and the children can scream. The dog can do nothing but slide, and run the risk of getting strangled. When the woman gets the dog home, I suppose she gives it a good beating for not having taken more interest in the outing. When the next day dawns, and the woman comes downstairs in her walking-costume, you can imagine the sensations of that helpless hound. And the cruelty will go on until public opinion steps in and puts a stop to it. I call upon all the readers of these Notes who have any compassion for dumb animals to "Yah!" at the dog-draggers at the top of their voices. One good "Yah!" will frighten them more than a thousand journalistic protests, however eloquently worded.

Drawback to the Taxi.

The taxi, as I have said over and over again, is the most delightful public vehicle on the streets of London. But it has one drawback; some of the drivers have an imperfect knowledge of the town. A few nights ago I had occasion to visit a sick friend who was staying in rooms in a street off the Edgware Road. I took a taxi, and told the man the name of the street, and the district. He said he had never heard of the street, but he had no doubt at all that we should eventually find it. We flew along to the Marble Arch, and then began a series of turns and twists, inquiries and mistakes, that seemed likely to last an hour or two. At last the driver looked round the screen and gave it as his opinion that the street existed only in my imagination. I said the street existed in bricks and mortar. "Where is it, then?" he asked. "I don't know," I said. "It's not my business to know. It's your business to know, and mine to pay." We continued the search for a further period of twenty

minutes; all this time, of course, the twopences were jumping up in the usual alarming manner. At last I told the man to stop, got out, and gave him his exact fare. I said I would rather find the street on foot, and that he appeared to be learning his way about the West End at my expense. He was very cross. As he drove away he repeated his absurd statement as to the non-existence of the street. I found it in less than two minutes.

What Mamma Thought.

My friend's sitting-room was separated from the adjoining sitting-room by folding-doors. During the pauses in our fitful conversation we could not help learning that the other sitting-room was occupied by Papa, Mamma, and daughter, and that they had made a pilgrimage from some remote part of the country with the express intention of seeing the Kaiser or dying in the attempt. The daughter was not very talkative, and Papa spoke in a mumbling undertone, but Mamma's opinions upon topics of the hour came to our ears—I need hardly say we did not listen—in this sort of way: . . . "man, so to speak. But I must say I like a man to be something else besides just brainy . . . knighthoods, you know. I never heard of a singer being knighted before, but I expect it was for something else besides just his voice. In these sort of things . . . people in England. For my part, I can't think that any man would go against his own flesh and blood in that sort of way. It's different with Boers or niggers, but when . . . according to what I read in the paper. And it seems that she isn't going to wear any jewellery on her wedding-day, which does seem odd for a Princess, because naturally anyone would expect . . . an actor, so they say. I can't remember that I ever saw him act, but I daresay your father did if he would take the trouble to . . . just whoever happens to be mayor at the time. To my mind, the fairest way would be . . ."

The Most Unpopular Coin.

Nobody will deny, I suppose, that the most unpopular coin—if any coin can be said, strictly speaking, to be unpopular—is the threepenny-bit. Directly a threepenny-bit comes into my possession—and I can assure you that it never does if I am sufficiently on the alert to avoid it—I make up my mind to get rid of it. I know perfectly well that the man to whom I tender it in exchange for services rendered or goods received will dislike me. This is not a nice idea, but it is nicer than being in the company of a threepenny-bit. Until I get rid of the little beast, I am haunted by the fear that I shall lose it. I should not grieve very much over the loss of three coppers, or even six, but the loss of a threepenny-bit means a distinct score for the man who passed it on to me. In the end, the thing develops into a sinister game. Many friendships, I feel convinced, have been severed by the threepenny-bit. It would have been called in long ago had it not been preserved at the special request of mean church-goers. Parsons should combine to get rid of it. The snobs who are afraid of the sound of copper in the bag would then give sixpence, and there are enough snobs to make it worth the parsons' while to put this job through.

The Comfort of Disappearing.

In the small space left to me, I want to champion the cause of those individuals who choose to leave their friends and relations and disappear. I can imagine all sorts of circumstances under which I might be glad to disappear myself, and I should take it very hardly if the newspapers published my portrait, my height, weight, colouring, and minute descriptions of my clothes and personal habits, in order that some landlady or country hotel-keeper might up and interfere. We have not left ourselves many privileges, we civilised ones; for heaven's sake, let us preserve the inalienable right of any man or woman to disappear!

TWENTY-FOUR ROYALTIES PHOTOGRAPHED TOGETHER: A UNIQUE GROUP.

The Princess Royal. Queen of Norway. German Emperor. Princess Patricia of Connaught. Prince of Wales. King of Spain. German Emperor. Prince Arthur of Connaught. Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia. Queen of Spain. Duchess of Connaught. Princess Victoria. Prince Johann of Saxony.



LAST SUNDAY'S HISTORIC GATHERING AT WINDSOR CASTLE: THE KING AND QUEEN AND THEIR GUESTS AT THE MEMORABLE LUNCHEON-PARTY.
 Last Sunday witnessed a remarkable gathering at Windsor Castle. No fewer than twenty-four royalties made up a memorable luncheon-party in the State Dining-Room. To these Prince Olaf was added when the King and Queen and their guests were photographed together. The picture that resulted is here reproduced, and is probably unique. It was taken in the Crimson Drawing-Room, and an arc-lamp of 10,000 candle-power was used to aid the fast-fading light.
Photograph by W. and D. Downey, 57 and 61, Ebury Street, Eaton Square, S.W.

SPECIALLY PRESENTED TO THE KING.

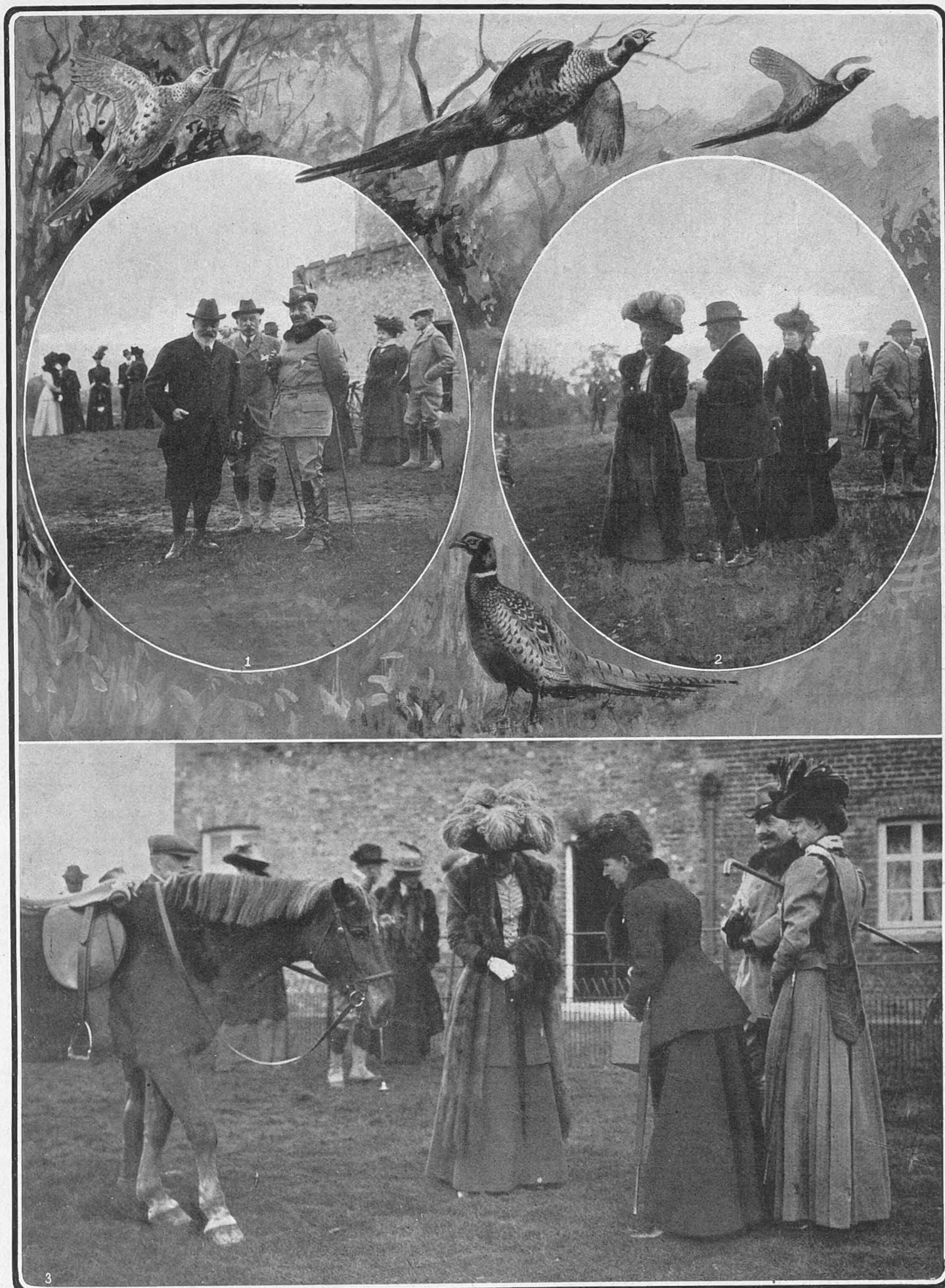


MISS JEAN AYLWIN AS THE CHAMBERMAID IN "THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE,"
PLAYED AT SANDRINGHAM BY COMMAND OF THE KING.

On his Majesty's birthday command performances of the dressing-room scene from "The Clandestine Marriage," "A Quiet Rubber," and "French as He is Spoke" were given. After the performance the King and Queen sent for the actors and congratulated them, and among those specially presented to his Majesty were Miss Jean Aylwin (of the Gaiety), Miss Madge Titheradge, Mr. Cyril Maude, and Sir John Hare.—[Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.]

ROYAL SHOOTING FASHIONS: KNICKERBOCKERED ROYALTY.

THE UNOFFICIAL SIDE OF THE KAISER'S STATE VISIT.



The Duke of Connaught.

The Kaiserin.

The Queen. The Kaiser. Princess Victoria.

1. THE KING, THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, AND THE KAISER.

2. THE KAISERIN, THE KING, AND THE QUEEN.

3. THE QUEEN PHOTOGRAPHS THE KING'S SHOOTING-PONY.

THE ROYAL SHOOTING PARTY AT WINDSOR.

The Kaiser varied State ceremonial by shooting in the Windsor preserves. In the shooting-party were the Kaiser, the King, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Arthur of Connaught, and the German Emperor and the Prince of Wales shot in the centre of the line. At luncheon, the party were joined by the German Empress, the Queen, the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Argyll, Princess Victoria, the Duchess of Connaught, Princess Victoria Patricia, and Princess Christian. It was at the second shoot that the Kaiser's rained his knee.—[Photographs by Juergensen.]

GARRICK.—Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER and Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, in a play, in four acts, entitled SIMPLE SIMON, by Murray Carson and Norah Keith. Matinee Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.30.

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VINCENT W. HILL, General Manager.
London Bridge Station, S.E.

GENERAL NOTES.

PROMINENT among the earlier Christmas numbers, and readily recognisable by its familiar black, red, and gold cover, is "Holly Leaves," the Christmas number of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*. As usual, the issue is full of good things. There are stories by Eden Phillpotts, Frank Richardson, William Le Queux, W. Pett Ridge, Florence Warden, and Morley Roberts, and there is "Our Captious Critic"—in verse—"The Faust Who Wouldn't," by Arthur Clements. Amongst the artists represented in the number are Maurice Greiffenhagen, Gordon Browne, F. H. Townsend, A. Forestier, Tom Browne, Thomas Downey, E. Blair Leighton, and R. Caton Woodville. To add to the attractions is an excellent reproduction in Rembrandt photogravure of Lady Butler's famous picture, "The Roll Call." It need hardly be said that the high standard set by "Holly Leaves" years ago is still maintained, and there is no doubt that the number will achieve much popularity.

Those who flatter themselves that they know a good tobacco when they smoke it should try the Ardath Special Smoking Mixture, which the Ardath Tobacco Company claim to be "an original and fascinating example of their most recent achievement, distinguished by that cachet of individuality so much appreciated by the cultured smoker." A further specialty of this blend of tobacco is that its makers have had the various ingredients in bond for many years. It has been their custom in those years that have yielded the finest tobaccos of special merits to secure a reserve stock, and certain of these stocks they have now decided to amalgamate, the result, being the blend just put upon the market as Ardath Special, which, by the way, is sold at 1s. 3d. for two ounces.

Messrs. Hedges and Butler have received the reports from their correspondents in the various wine districts respecting this year's vintage. The quality of port will be very poor indeed. The yield of sherry is smaller than last year's. The musts show an average density, and should develop into good stout wines of medium body. It is hoped that some good burgundies will be made. The gathering of the grapes for champagne commenced in fine weather. Unfortunately, however, a heavy and continuous rainfall followed. Some of the wines made in the first few days of the vintage will prove useful, but the greater portion will be very inferior. It is anticipated that the clarets of the 1907 vintage will be light, delicate, very smooth, and will certainly have a good bouquet. With regard to hock and moselle, the gathering of the grapes on the Rhine and Moselle is now in full swing. In most districts half an average crop of good wines is expected. The quantity of wine made this year in the Cognac district will probably be a quarter less than last year. The wines, being of medium strength, will, no doubt, produce a soft and mellow spirit.

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November 20, 1907.

Signature

FREE FROM THE CENSOR: PLOTS FROM PARIS.

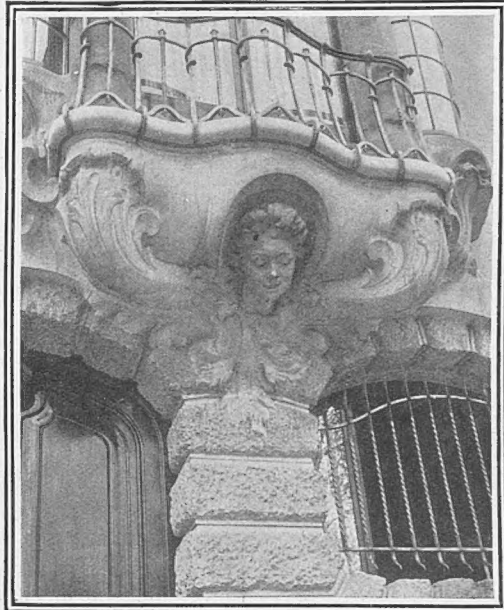
"Monsieur de Courpière." By Abel Hermant. Théâtre de l'Athénée.

The Vicomte Maurice de Courpière is the son of his father. He might have had his doubts on this subject, for his mother was no better than she should be; had it not been for the fact that his father, the Comte de Courpière, was considerably worse, and that he, the young Vicomte, was very much like him in absence of morals. Had M. le Vicomte been less well born we should have called him by a name which has an ancient and a fish-like smell in Paris. For Maurice de Courpière, being quite young, trades on his youth and good looks to infatuate elderly ladies, and ladies who, if not elderly, are passionate and wealthy. It is a little difficult to describe this young man in decent language. If Maurice de Courpière had been a lady, he would not have been one. Perhaps that does it. A rich and foolish friend of the Vicomte's, Camille Lambercier, has lent him his house, in which and the first act the Vicomte de Courpière receives friends on his birthday. He also receives presents, and arranges that a Mlle. Jeanne Thillier, a young actress from the Batignolles, who is very much in love with him, shall become the light of his rich friend's eyes and fill Courpière's pocket with money from Lambercier's purse.

In the next act Courpière makes love to Mme. de Passelieu, a handsome woman just on the wrong side of middle-age. The audacious young man hides himself in her bedroom, but a telegram from the nursing-home in which her aged husband is announces that old gentleman's demise, and de Courpière, whose disrespect had not yet taken active form, proposes to become Mme. de Passelieu's husband. Unfortunately, he falls in love himself with a Mme. Arrow, a lady whose husband is an adventurer, and who is a bit of a Carmen herself. There is some very passionate kissing in the garden of Courpière Castle, and other places. Several ladies find de Courpière out, and eventually he marries Mlle. Blanche Lambercier, the sister of his

love. The wife whom he had bought out of the profits of the high finance in which he now indulged was Anne Marie, the daughter of the Marquis and of the Marquise d'Andelyne, a foolish couple of the old-fashioned Faubourg St. Germain type, whose children, Max and Anne Marie, were very, very modern. Max frequents Maxim's, calls his father *mon bon vieux*, and expresses himself neatly if not prettily in the slang of the period. Anne Marie takes a lover. She yearns for romance, and not unnaturally, therefore, her heart turns to Jérôme Le Govin, a well-born adventurer, whom Brachard, her husband, has enriched, and who is as unsavoury a scoundrel as even M. Bernstein's gall-filled pen can paint. Jérôme has had another mistress, one Grace Rutherford, a lady who moves in Society, but whose past is as many-hued as Joseph's coat. She loves Jérôme, although she knows he is a scoundrel. And it is she who opens Samson's eyes to the unfaithfulness of his wife, Anne Marie. His love for Anne Marie has become the only reality in Brachard's life. Fortune, success, position—all these things are merely details. He pretends a trip to London, returns in the middle of the night, and finds his wife sick to her very marrow-bones of Jérôme Le Govin, who has paraded her as his mistress at an orgie at a café. Brachard resolves that he will ruin Le Govin at any cost. His own wealth, and Le Govin's too, consists of shares quoted at a high price on the Bourse. Brachard breaks up the market, causes a panic by throwing his own holding on it, and also by selling short of a huge block of shares. During the panic he has kept Le Govin with him, and when he gets news of the crash, when he learns that Le Govin is a ruined man, he tells him why and how he has ruined him, tells him the scoundrel that he is, and bids him marry Grace Rutherford, whose past is worthy of Le Govin's future.

In the next act Brachard, in a pathetic scene, repeats the tale of Samson's death. He too—he, Jacques Brachard—is a strong man, a man whose only gentleness is his love for his wife. To punish Le Govin, who robbed



MME. YVETTE GUILBERT'S HEAD IN STONE, BENEATH THE BALCONY OF HER HOUSE.

MME. YVETTE GUILBERT. WHO HAS JUST MADE HER FIRST APPEARANCE ON THE REGULAR STAGE.

Mme. Yvette Guilbert, who began her artistic career as a chorus-girl and soon gained phenomenal success on the music-hall stage, made her first appearance on the regular stage at the end of last month, playing Suzette de Mèrignan in "L'Amour en Banque."



MME. YVETTE GUILBERT HARD AT WORK.

wealthy friend, whom, if the play had another actor two, he would undoubtedly make quite unhappy. M. de Courpière is a most unpleasant person, very deftly drawn.

"Samson." By Henry Bernstein. Théâtre de la Renaissance.

A brute, but a man, Jacques Brachard never knew father or

him of his wife, nothing was too much, and as Samson had pulled the temple down upon him to bring death upon himself and upon his enemies, so had Brachard in ruining Govin ruined himself, and heeded not the cost.

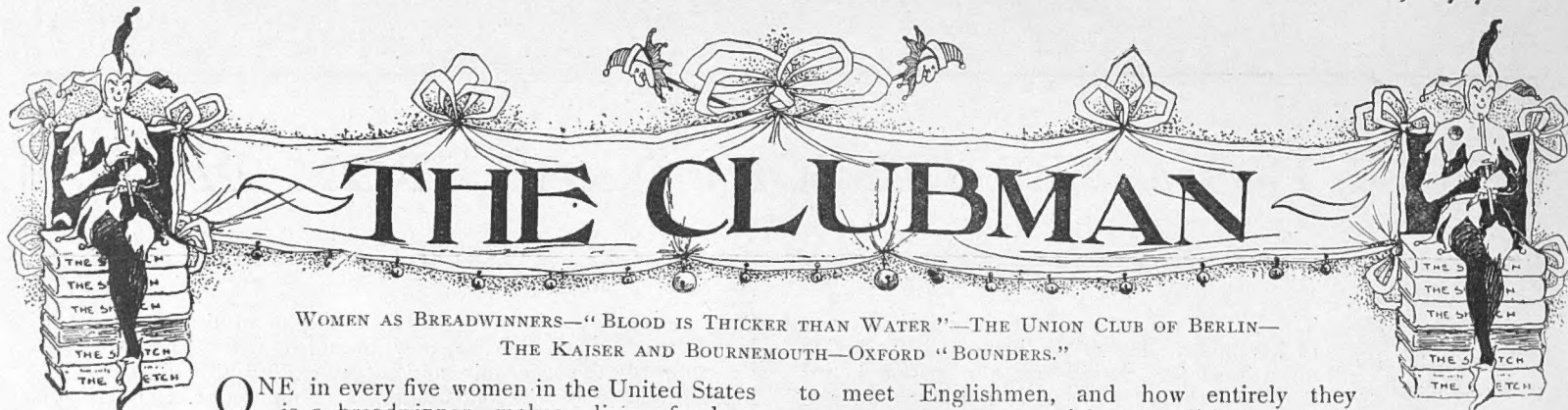
And Anne Marie's romantic heart is touched. She had not realised before the heedless self-sacrifice of which Brachard was capable. And as the curtain falls we gather that Anne Marie will come to love Brachard in time.



MME. YVETTE GUILBERT EXPLAINS THINGS TO AN INTERVIEWER.

mother. He ran barefoot about the Marseilles docks until, growing to man's estate, he developed a huge pair of shoulders and became a docker. Then he went to Egypt, and made money; came up to Paris to make more, did so, and fell in

JOHN N. RAPHAEL.



ONE in every five women in the United States is a breadwinner—makes a living for herself, and possibly supports a family. The typists and clerks in the great American cities are as often as not of the gentler sex, and it is only in actual hard physical work that man asserts his

to meet Englishmen, and how entirely they separate any commercial or political quarrels between the two countries from the question of personal friendship.

The Kaiser himself warmly encourages this hospitality shown to the English by the German clubs, and at Kiel his Majesty never seems to be happier than when he forms the centre of a half-circle of Germans and British guests in the yacht club of the big port. Many Englishmen who believe that beer is bad for their livers have learned at Kiel on imperial authority that this is not so, and though the Kaiser never touches spirits of any kind, his brother, Prince Henry, has been taught by the visiting yachtsmen that if German beer is the best beverage to imbibe on shore, the national wine of Scotland is the most suitable drink on board ship.

Our British Riviera—Ventnor and Bournemouth and Torquay—should make the Kaiser's stay in our pine forests of the South an excellent incident on which to base their advertisements. The French Riviera is barred to the King of Prussia; but, had the Kaiser wished to breathe Mediterranean air, there is all the Levantine seaboard clamouring for Kings and Archdukes and Princes to come to Pegli and Nervi, Sta. Margarita and Rapallo, and to make the fortune of the innkeepers; and Austria has a charming southern resort in Abazzia. England in November is, as it is in early June, the most lovely country in Europe.

It is pretty to find the two Proctors of Oxford writing to the *Times* to defend the Oxford undergraduates of to-day against the charge of being "bounders." "Ragging" is high spirits finding a vent in a wrong direction, and "rags" are curiously epidemic. At one time a wave of ragging ran through the subaltern ranks of the Army, and no youngster was accepted by his brother subs. as a good fellow until his temper had been tested and some of his furniture broken in a "packing up." To capture a policeman's helmet on the Fifth of November is not a great act of heroism; but the Oxford police know that "rags," like chicken-pox, are almost inevitable wherever boys congregate, and they would be the last people to call the undergraduates bounders.



A REMARKABLE MONUMENT IN A VIENNESE CEMETERY:
THE MEMORIAL TO EDUARD CHARLEMONT.

The memorial was unveiled a few days ago in the Central Cemetery at Vienna. It is the work of the dead artist's brother, Theodor.

superiority as a money-earner. What the British average of women workers as against men workers is I do not know; but I should fancy that it is lower than across the Atlantic; but there is not a moment in any day in England that a woman does not oust a man from some employment which has always been looked upon as being fitter for men than women.

This week it fell to my lot to be asked to select a secretary, whose work was to be light but whose hours of employment were to be long. Out of the three hundred applications for the post two hundred came from ladies, and some of the lady applicants whom I interviewed were so anxious to obtain a post of any kind that they were not at all particular as to the amount of salary they were to be paid. The longing to do something, however small, towards making their own living puts these ladies into unfair competition with the men, and for considerably less than £1 a week I could have obtained a secretary with an unlimited list of accomplishments. It set me wondering whether, in another twenty years' time, the black coats will not have been driven from all the desks, whether all our young men will not have to go out to Canada and the tablelands of Central Africa, and whether neat little ladies with a flower in a glass in front of them will not run up all the accounts at the banks, and make out all the bills of lading in the merchants' offices.

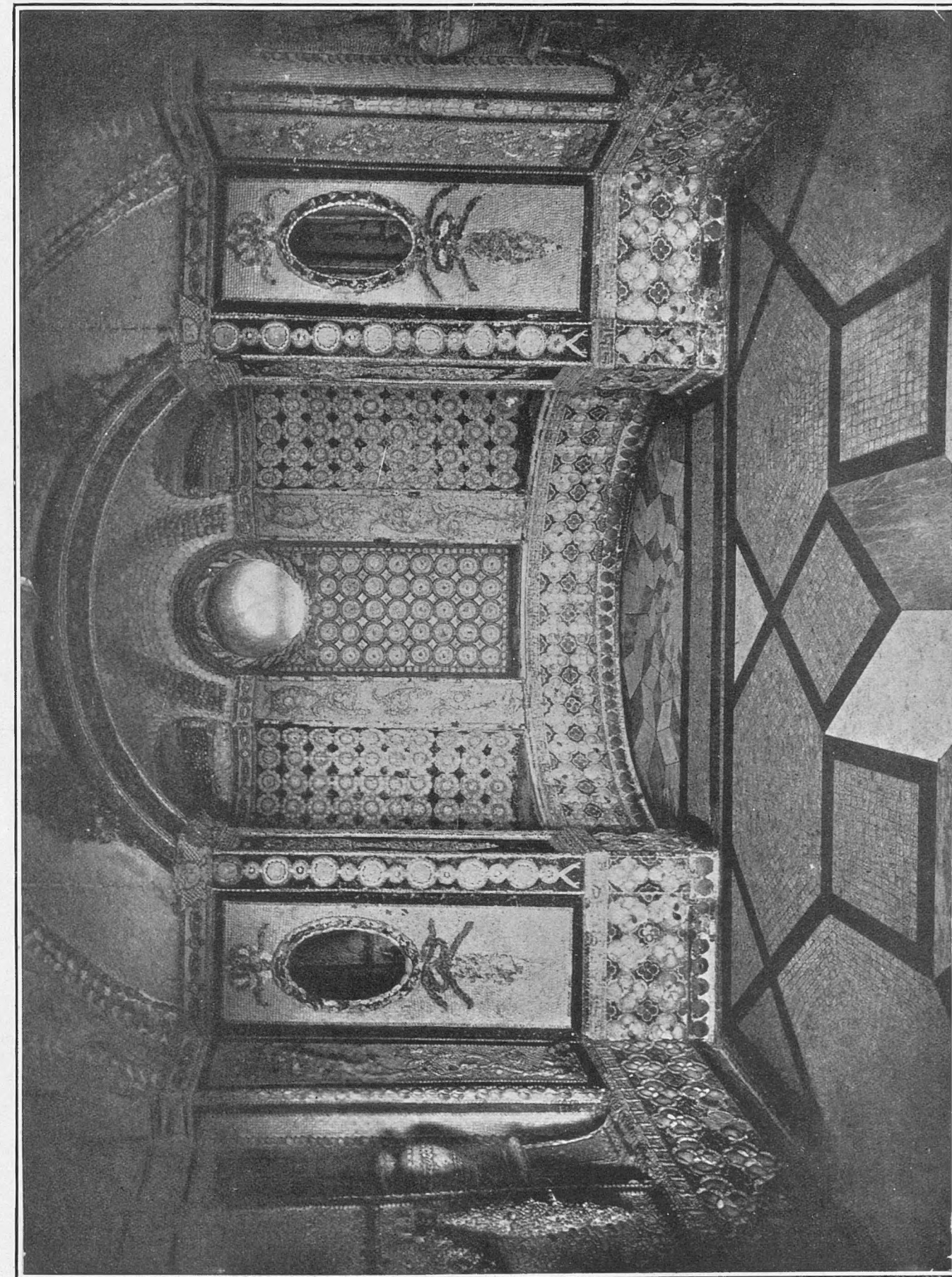
"Blood is thicker than water," said the Kaiser at the Guildhall, and his cordial invitation to anyone representing London to come to Berlin, and his assurance that all Englishmen visiting his capital will be warmly welcomed, are no mere figures of speech. In Berlin clubland in particular the Germans are delighted to see Englishmen who come to them with suitable introductions, and any Briton who has ever been made free of the Union Club of Berlin—which corresponds to our Turf Club or the Paris Jockey Club—will bear witness that every German member of the club is anxious to do something to show how pleased he and his brother members are



£1,400,000 LOST IN TEN MONTHS: MR. CHARLES T. BARNEY, FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE KNICKERBOCKER TRUST COMPANY, WHO COMMITTED SUICIDE LAST WEEK.

Mr. Charles T. Barney was until quite recently president of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, which, it will be remembered, suspended payment during the great financial crisis in New York. He committed suicide by shooting himself in his house in New York on Thursday last. He was born in 1851, was a native of Cleveland, Ohio, went into the banking business after graduating at Williams' College in 1870, and was a man of considerable social prominence in New York. He is believed to have lost £1,400,000 since the beginning of this year.—[Photograph by the Boston Photo. News Co.]

A FLOOR OF HORSES' TEETH AT GOODWOOD : REMARKABLE MOSAIC IN A SHELL GROTTO.



THE SHELL GROTTO, WITH FLOOR OF HORSES' TEETH, MADE BY THE LATE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND AND GORDON.

The grotto was made by the late Duchess of Richmond and Gordon and her daughter, and took seven years to complete. The mosaic floor is composed of horses' teeth, all of which were collected on the estate. The remainder of the decoration is in shells.—[Photograph by Ulyett.]



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")



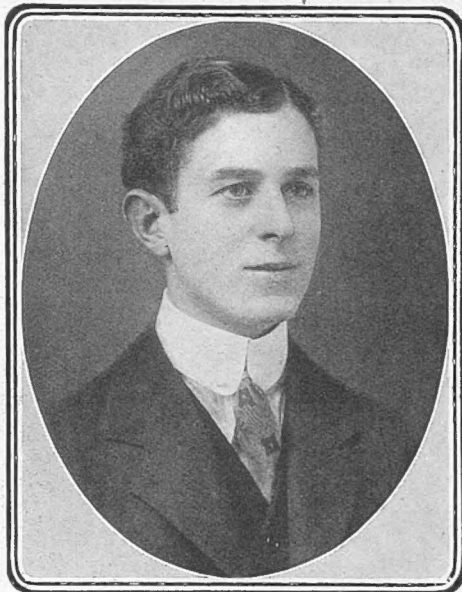
"THE THIEF"—"SIMPLE SIMON"—"ROSINE."

APPARENTLY Mr. George Alexander has begun his season with a success, for "The Thief" had an enthusiastic reception. It is hardly the kind of play in which the critic rejoices. Mr. Gordon-Lennox has not paid M. Bernstein the respect of translating his piece, but has adopted the old, evil method of adaptation. He has assumed that, by a few superficial changes, you can convert a set of very French people into English. On the other hand, he has been too slavishly faithful to the dialogue, some of which has an Ollendorffian flavour. We do not believe in the boy of nineteen fiercely in love with a married woman, who treats his passion seriously, and makes him pay for it by taking her crime on his shoulders; nor in the husband who was really jealous of Master Harry Leyton; or the father, who was going to pack the lad off to Brazil, instead of sending him to college, where outdoor sports might cure him of a maudlin taste for Rossetti and naughty intrigues. Still, the material is worked up by M. Bernstein to a strong situation which fascinated the emotional so much that they even forgot to laugh at the funny line with which the second act ended—probably it has been cut by now. The humour is that one can see the possibility of a strong, true, human drama in the plot used by the fashionable French author as foundation for a mere sordid article de Paris. It must, however, be remembered that, in a sense, "Le Voleur" is quite a different work from "The Thief." It may be hinted to Mr. Alexander that the third act, which necessarily is in the nature of anti-climax, might well be reduced in length. But for the puzzling prejudice of managers against the two-act drama—a prejudice that has caused dozens of catastrophes because two-act pieces have had a bad third glued on them or been disastrously diluted—

I would suggest that the piece might have a terrific success if it ended on a note of horror, if the husband had persisted in telling the truth at once, and the wife had executed her threat of throwing herself out of the window. However, a "happy ending" is desired, and it is assumed that the man of honourable instincts will live lovingly in exile with the contemptible baggage whose vileness is known to him. Such is the abhorrence of truth in theatredom that we are expected to believe that last-act reconciliations of the really irreconcilable are permanent.

Mr. Alexander's part as the husband is quite good, and he plays it with admirable force, though, of course, he cannot give any specific colour to it. Some aspects of his work in the second act show him at his best. Miss Irene Vanbrugh seemed to me to be dealing with a character a little out of her temperament, for the wife is a sensual creature of passion and no intelligence, and the actress is always most successful when dealing with

clever people; her acting, however, was exceedingly able, and she even persuaded many of the audience to sympathise with the thief. Quite charming was the performance of Miss Lilian Braithwaite in the character of the amiable lady who was robbed; and Mr. Owen made a "hit" by his very promising work as Master Harry. Mr. Lyall Swete and Mr. Valentine played somewhat small parts excellently.



A PUPIL OF MR. TREE'S DRAMATIC SCHOOL WHO HAS MADE A "HIT" IN "THE THIEF".
MR. REGINALD OWEN.

Mr. Owen plays Harry Leyton, the young man who, to save Marise Chelford, with whom he is in love, confesses that he has stolen the money really taken by Marise; and has made quite a "hit" in the part. Quite recently he was a student at Mr. Tree's Academy of Dramatic Art.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.

lionaire was jealous—it is the one character drawn with any real sense of life. Miss Henrietta Watson, as usual, played admirably. Miss Weigall presented the trying part of the scheming mother ably; and there was some cleverness in the work of Miss Orby as a haughty parlour-maid.



Nelson (Mr. Cecil Yapp).

Sarah Rigley (Miss May Chevallier).

NELSON ON THE BOARDS: "THE NELSON TOUCH," AT THE HAYMARKET.

"The Nelson Touch," a one-act play, adapted by Frederick Fenn from "The Little Pale Man," by Mayne Lindsay, was recently produced at the Haymarket as a curtain-raiser to "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," which is being withdrawn on Saturday next.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

What would the Censor do if a faithful English version of "Rosine" or some of the other Capus comedies were submitted? He passes them in French—I suppose because people who know enough French to understand them cannot be demoralised. In "Rosine," as in the others, the heroine, after one or more free-love adventures, ends by entering into an unhallowed union with a young doctor that is treated by the author as beyond criticism. The play-acted Mlle. Thomasin to give a charming performance in the name-part; Mlle. Didier played excellently as the heroine's friend, Louison; and M. Cooper acted in a masterly fashion the character of her last sweetheart's father.

IN CUPID'S HANDS: WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS IN THE GREAT WORLD.



BRIDES, BRIDEGROOMS,
AND FUTURE BRIDES
AND BRIDEGROOMS OF
THE MOMENT.

(See "Small Talk.")

1. MRS. GUY PAGET (MISS BETTINE DES VOELX), WHOSE WEDDING TOOK PLACE LAST THURSDAY.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

4. MRS. GEORGE M. BUCKSTON (MISS VICTORIA ALEXANDRINA OKEOVER), WHOSE WEDDING TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY.

Photograph by A. Rouselle.

7. MISS MYRA HAMILTON, STEP-DAUGHTER OF MR. PINERO, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. CLAUDE N. HUGHES.

Photograph by L. Casswell Smith.

2. CAPTAIN ADRIAN ROSE, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS NANCY LYCETT GREEN ON DECEMBER 7TH.

Photograph by Mayall and Co.

5. MR. GEORGE MORETON BUCKSTON, WHOSE WEDDING TO MISS VICTORIA OKEOVER TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY.

Photograph by A. Rouselle.

8. MISS VIOLET HICKS BEACH, WHO IS TO MARRY LORD LOREBURN ON DECEMBER 3RD.

Photograph by Bennett.

3. MISS NANCY LYCETT GREEN, WHO IS TO MARRY CAPTAIN ADRIAN ROSE.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

6. LADY EVELYN INNES-KER, WHO IS TO MARRY MAJOR COLLINS ON SATURDAY.

Photograph by Alice Hughes.

9. MRS. RICHARD PULTENEY PULTENEY (MISS VIOLET BLYTH) WHOSE WEDDING TOOK PLACE LAST SATURDAY.

Photograph by Annie Bell.

SMALL TALK



MR. J. E. RAPHAEL, THE OXFORD DOUBLE BLUE, WHO HAS BEEN ADOPTED AS LIBERAL CANDIDATE FOR CROYDON AT THE NEXT ELECTION.

Photograph by R. Thiele and Co.

both sides of the House many brilliant politicians who are also "flannelled fools."

Last Week's Weddings.

Last Thursday took place at that Belgravian temple of Hymen, St. Peter's, Eaton Square, the marriage of Miss Bettine Des Voeux and Mr. Guy Paget, who, together with his mother, is well known and popular in the neighbourhood of Goodwood and Chichester. Two days later was married Miss Violet Blyth, the young daughter of Mr. Carlton Blyth, to Major Richard Pulteney Pulteney, whose parents are well known as popular members of the English colony at Nice.

A Minster Marriage.

York will be *en fête* on the first Saturday in December, for on that day will take place in the beautiful old minster which is the chief glory of the town the marriage of Miss Nancy Lycett Green and Captain Adrian Reese. Our beautiful cathedrals lend themselves admirably to such a function as that of a marriage, and the bridal ceremony is likely to be a very bright and charming affair.

Saturday's Ducal Wedding.

The marriage of a Duke's daughter or sister is always an important social event, and more so than usual when the bride belongs to so great and important a ducal clan as does Lady Evelyn Innes-Ker, the sister of the Duke of Roxburghe, who, through her mother, is also a first-cousin of the Duke of Marlborough. Next Saturday will therefore see a most notable gathering at St. George's, Hanover Square, where all the daughters and many of the grand-daughters of the seventh Duke of Marlborough and his brilliant Duchess have been married.

A New Peer.

Seldom has a lad in his teens succeeded to a

THE Liberal candidate for Croydon, Mr. J. E. Raphael, would prove a notable addition to the Parliamentary athletes, for he is a double blue of Oxford, and he preceded Lord Dalmeny as captain of the Surrey County Cricket Club, while among devotees of Rugby football he is also famed. Our strenuous House of Commons is none the worse for a little of that element on which Mr. Kipling poured such scorn, and there are now sitting on

peerage under sadder circumstances than has the new Lord Chesham. John Compton Cavendish, fourth Baron, has already had his young life shadowed by more than one tragedy; he was only three years old when his second sister was killed by being thrown from her pony, and he was six when the death of his elder brother, who fell in action at Diamond Hill,

changed his position from that of a second son to that of heir to his father's title.

Miss Myra Hamilton's Engagement.

One of the most accomplished and popular spinsters known to London literary and theatrical society will soon change her maiden state. Mr. Pinero's stepdaughter, Miss Myra Hamilton, is engaged to Mr. Claude Neville Hughes, and it is to be hoped that matrimony will not cause her to give up her pretty gift of story-writing.

Yesterday's Smart Wedding.

Our royal family take a great interest in the marriage of young ladies in any way connected with the Court. Both the King and his sisters have been acquainted from her birth with yesterday's bride—Miss Victoria Alexandrina Okeover, the youngest sister of that Miss Maude Okeover who was for so long a favourite maid-of-honour of the late Sovereign, whose marriage to Sir Andrew Barclay Walker, though it withdrew her from the Court, did not loosen the ties of affection which bound her to her mistress. Miss Okeover's bridegroom is Mr. George Moreton Buckston, of Bradborn and Sutton-on-the-Hill, Derbyshire.

The Lord Chancellor's Bridal.

Cabinet Ministers have often been married while in office, but one has to go back to the Dark Ages to find a Lord Chancellor entering the holy estate while actually holding office: Lord Loreburn, even now better remembered by his old sobriquet of "Bob" Reid, will be the most

interesting of December bridegrooms, and though he is, of course, a fervent Liberal, his bride-elect, Miss Violet Hicks Beach, is a niece of that Tory stalwart, Lord St. Aldwyn. The marriage, which has been fixed for Dec. 3, will take place very quietly, and will be attended only by old friends and relations of the contracting parties.



THE SULTAN WHO WOULD ENTERTAIN THE KINGS AND QUEENS OF EUROPE: THE SULTAN OF HINZUAN.

The Sultan of Hinzuani, one of the Comoro Islands, Africa, has issued to every sovereign and queen consort in Europe an invitation to a grand dinner-party in honour of the marriage of his daughter to the son of a neighbouring potentate. The "Journal," which gives this news, asks how many of the kings and queens of Europe, did they wish to be present at the ceremony, could say off-hand where the Sultan's capital is situated.



WHERE THE KAISER IS TAKING HIS REST-CURE: HIGHCLIFFE CASTLE, CHRISTCHURCH.

The Kaiser was due to arrive at Highcliffe Castle, which has been lent to him by Sir Alfred Cooper, on Monday last. The place has numerous royal associations, and both the King and the King of Spain have visited it. It is almost opposite the Needles.

Photograph by Frith.



OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



POLICEMEN ON "SHIPS OF THE DESERT": MOORISH "BOBBIES" ON CAMELS.



Photo. Tyler.

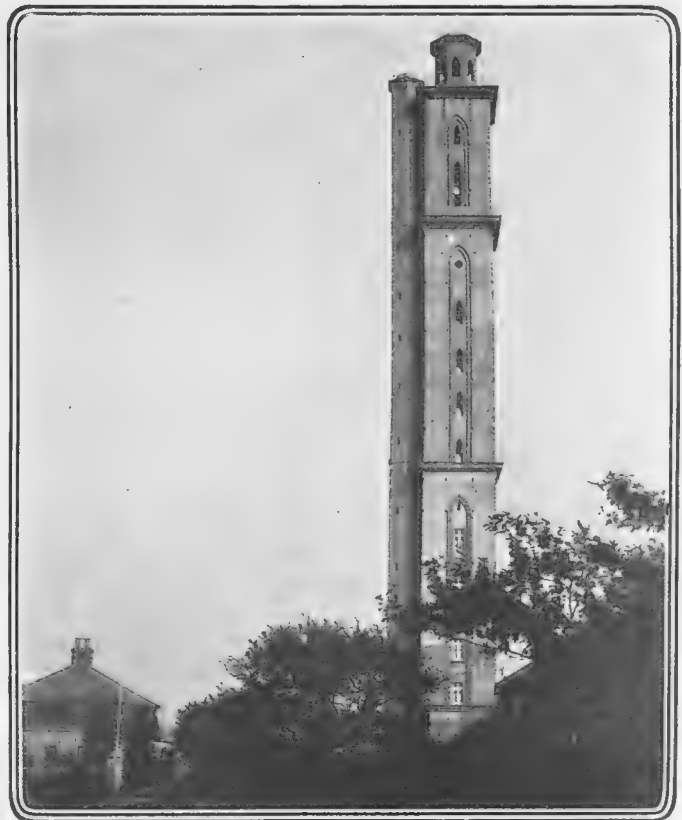
A WEIRD HOME: A ROBIN'S NEST AND EGGS IN A DRIED COD'S-HEAD.



A PIPE FIT FOR A BROBDINGNAGIAN.

There is no record as to whether the Brobdingnagians smoked. Had they done so, doubtless they would have puffed at pipes of the dimensions shown, and Gulliver would have had one more wonder to marvel at. The giant pipe was carved out of a single limb of a chestnut tree, and follows the natural shape of that limb.

Photograph by the Boston Photo. News Co.



THE TALLEST TOMB IN GREAT BRITAIN.

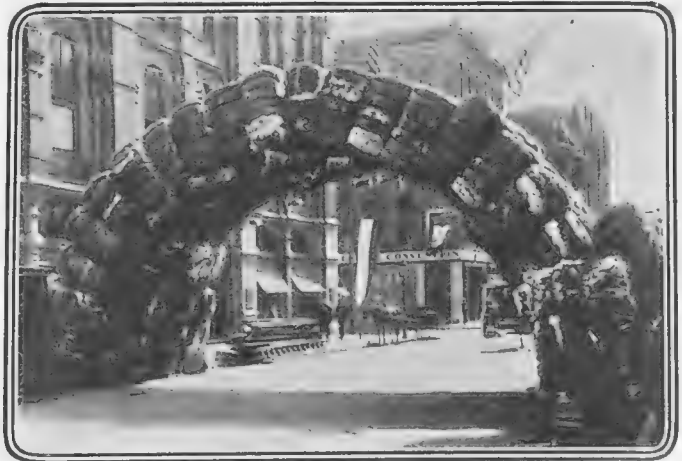
The tower was built by John Peterson, an eccentric tea-planter, and his remains lie in a little chapel at the foot of it. The erection cost several thousand pounds, and is of concrete. The original plan was to have a light at its summit, but this was forbidden by Trinity House, as the light would have been visible at sea.

Photograph supplied by S. Leonard Bastin.



A BALLOON AS THE EYE OF A BATTLESHIP.

During recent manoeuvres in Augusta Bay the battleship "Elba," of the Italian Navy, carried a balloon, which was inflated on her deck. It was kept captive by the warship, and ascended to a height of about three hundred feet.



A TRIUMPHAL ARCH OF COTTON-BALES.

The arch was erected at Memphis, U.S.A., in honour of President Roosevelt, who was much interested in it, as, indeed, were the majority of those who saw it. It is regarded as one of the most novel things of its kind.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



THE KING'S HOST AT INGESTRE HALL.
LORD SHREWSBURY.

Photograph by Dickinson

has not been to Ingestre for some years, must have been profoundly interested in seeing the wonderful way in which the original building, which was regarded as the finest example of Elizabethan architecture in the kingdom before its destruction by fire, has been reconstituted. The rooms set aside for the occupation of the Sovereign are instinct with old-world charm, while yet replete with every luxury and convenience modern taste can invent and supply. The gardens—which were, of course, untouched by the terrible conflagration which destroyed the old Hall—are wonderfully fine, full of rare statuary and quaint pagodas and summer-houses. Of late years Lord Shrewsbury has become one of the great leaders in the motor world, and the Ingestre garage is known to all those interested in motoring as being practically perfect.

Lord and Lady Ingestre.

Lord and Lady Ingestre, who are helping Lord Shrewsbury to do the honours of the mansion from which they take their courtesy title, have been married nearly four years; but their united ages do not yet make a half-century. Lord Ingestre is, like his father, a crack rider and polo-player, and he has also become of late an enthusiastic motorist. Lady Ingestre is one of the two sisters of Lord Anglesey, the other being Lady Herbert. Both the young couple are fond of travelling, and since their marriage they have seen something of Greater Britain, for they made a most interesting tour in Canada.

A Royal Coming-of-Age.

The coming-of-age of Prince Alexander of Battenberg will be graced by the presence of his Queen-sister, who is very much devoted to him, and with whom he generally spends a portion of his leave each year. It is now interesting to reflect that at the time of his birth Queen Victoria Eugénie's eldest brother did not even possess the title of Highness, but it was immediately conferred on him by his august grandmother. Prince Alexander—who is, by the way, a godson of the King—owes the name by which he is always called to his father's beloved elder brother—that brilliant hero of romance who had so very remarkable a career, whose death cut short what might have been a really great destiny. The young Prince has always been devoted to the Navy, and he cannot do

CROWNS · CROWNETS · & COURTIER

LORD SHREWSBURY, who is entertaining the King at Ingestre Hall, is one of the most energetic of sporting Peers, and even his Majesty does not often have such shooting offered him as that for which the coverts round the beautiful estate near Stafford are justly famous. Lord Shrewsbury has made a regular science of breeding game, and he thinks nothing of putting down ten thousand pheasant-eggs in a season. His Majesty, who

better than follow in the footsteps of yet another of his uncles—that is, Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg. Prince Alexander is a fine-looking young man, and he has all the easy grace of manner for which his own father was noted.

A New Court Appointment. The fact that the Princess of Wales has just appointed a new Woman of the Bedchamber in the person of Lady Bertha Dawkins is yet



HELPING TO ENTERTAIN THE KING.
LORD INGESTRE.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



HELPING TO ENTERTAIN THE KING.
LADY INGESTRE.

Photograph by Alice Hughes.

another proof of her Royal Highness's fidelity to the ties of old friendship. Lady Bertha is the second daughter of the late Lord and Lady Lathom, with whom Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, was very intimate. Lady Bertha Bootle-Wilbraham's marriage to Major Dawkins lasted only two years, and since her widowhood she has lived very quietly with her little daughter. She is a clever, cultivated woman, and an excellent amateur actress, sharing her sister-in-law, Lady Lathom's, enthusiastic love of the drama.

Welbeck en Fête.

To-night (the 20th) takes place at Welbeck the great ball in honour of the King and Queen of Spain. The Duke and Duchess of Portland are much in the public eye and the public thoughts at the present time, and over the magnificent scene will certainly brood in the imagination of many of those present the amazing, eccentric figure of the late Duke, who made Welbeck the wonderful place it is—a castle as enchanted as any in an old fairy tale. The cost of the underground passages alone is said to have been not less than three million pounds sterling; and what is now the ball-room, which is underground, was built by that great nobleman whom some believe to have been also Mr. Druce of Baker Street, for the purpose of exercising his hunters.

Potential Laureates.

As has been noted, the late Sir Lewis Morris was in many men's minds for the Laureateship after Tennyson's death. Gladstone's was not one of them. The one man whom he would have nominated was Swinburne; but, as he told the Hon. Lionel Tollemache, Swinburne, of whom he spoke as "by far the greatest of our English poets," was out of the running, and he quoted those lines on the death of the late Tsar to show why he was out of it. Mr. Tollemache suggested that Morris might have filled the bill, if certain political differences could have been got over. But both inclined to the opinion that, with the death of Tennyson, the office might have had a grand euthanasia. "At any rate," added Gladstone, "I should have waited until someone of Tennyson's calibre turned up." The appointment did remain unfilled for four years, so that there was ample time for the merits of the singer just dead to have been brought to the notice of those in authority, if he were to be preferred to the gentleman ultimately appointed.



THE COMING-OF-AGE OF PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG'S ELDEST SON: PRINCE ALEXANDER ALBERT OF BATTENBERG, WHO ATTAINS HIS MAJORITY ON SATURDAY NEXT.

Photograph by Bassano.

REALISM IN DOLLS FOR THE MODERN CHILD.

PUPPET PERSONAGES: CELEBRITIES AS DOLLS.



1. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

4. QUEEN VICTORIA.

7. LORD KITCHENER.

2. THE KING.

5. LORD ROBERTS.

8. GENERAL BADEN-POWELL.

3. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

6. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

9. GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER.

The very modern child is much too aristocratic in taste to find amusement in the semi-clad, primitive dollies of yesteryear, and to satisfy it come the elaborate puppets here illustrated—miniature likenesses of celebrities in their habits as they live.—[Photographs by A. Uttyett.]



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Yet Mr. Balfour Didn't. People abroad who have been following the newspaper reports of the festivities here during the term of the royal visits will rub their eyes in amazement at seeing distinguished members of the Government and of the Opposition associated at many of the State and other public functions. This private friendship between political opponents is one of the things which they cannot understand in some less

offenders did even time down a by-street, where Rhodes advised his companions to make a bolt for their college and leave him to tackle the Proctor. He walked unconcernedly on, to fall into the arms of the dreaded man. The latter politely bowed. "Well, Sir, your name and college?" he said as the other calmly returned his salutation. "My name is Rhodes," answered that young gentleman, "and I have come here from the Cape of Good Hope, and am making a short stay in Oxford. And now, Sir, may I ask your name and college?" He had rightly guessed that the enemy would not know him. The Proctor bowed with great politeness for the supposed mistake, and passed peacefully on his way.



RECONSTRUCTING THE MOTOR ACCIDENT TO Mlle. ARLETTE DORGÈRE, COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE ILLUSTRATING THE MISHAP BY MEANS OF MODELS.

It will be remembered that some while ago, Mlle. Arlette Dorgère was the victim of a motor accident in the Faubourg d'Antoine. Her motor-car was caught between a 'bus and a tramcar coming from opposite directions. In her action against her chauffeur and the driver of the tram, counsel for the chauffeur illustrated the accident by means of models.—[Photograph by Branger.]

happy lands. Lord Lansdowne tells an illuminating story in illustration. Soon after the last General Election an English traveller paid a visit to the island of Crete, where the news of Mr. Balfour's defeat had just arrived. The Englishman was induced by the Leader of the Opposition in the island to discuss the situation. "I suppose," said that distinguished man, "I suppose that Mr. Balfour will now take to the mountains?"

Coffins as a Bridge.

The French sailors whose procession of coffins was wrecked by the rough sea at Casa Blanca the other day were less resourceful than our men of the China Expedition of 1860. Coffins made them a pathway. A few days after the capture of the Taku forts the column was stopped by a river, which recent rains had made unfordable for artillery and infantry. There were no pontoons available, and the air-ship for artillery has yet to be invented. The district was destitute of materials for bridge-work. An ingenious officer remembered, however, that the thoughtful Chinese prepares for emergencies by getting his coffin ready, even as Mme. Bernhardt does. He caused search to be made, and battalions of men came in carrying the stout watertight coffins which the villagers had made ready for other purpose. These, with the assistance of a few commissariat casks, made an excellent bridge, and across it passed a considerable number of the foot, horse, and guns, to which Peking soon afterwards surrendered.

A Young Man from the Cape.

It is suggested by a *Times* correspondent that the University authorities shall leave the control of the streets to the police, and that undergraduates shall be required to be in college by nine o'clock at night. It might have saved the row at Oxford on the 5th, or it might not. Undergraduates have a way of occasionally forgetting the hour as well as other little regulations. Cecil Rhodes when at Oxford had, with a couple of friends, forgotten not only the hour, but the matter of cap and gown. The inevitable Proctor with his bull-dogs hove in sight. The three

Famous First Offenders.

It is sad and bad and mad that undergraduates should so misconduct themselves, but boys will be boys—at some time of their lives. It would be too terrific to break them for a first venial offence. What would have happened had the law been set in motion when a certain vinery at Combe Bank was robbed? There was to be a dinner-party at night, and the gardener prudently locked the door of the vinery. He forgot the "lights" on top. Through those lights three youthful figures made their way—the son of the host and that son's two friends. They got in, and anon got out. And there were no grapes for the guests that night. The history of the nineteenth century might have been somewhat different had the three culprits been legally punished. For the son of the host and ringleader in the crime was the future Cardinal Archbishop Manning; the second was Charles Wordsworth, future Bishop of St. Andrews; the third, Christopher Wordsworth, future Bishop of Lincoln.

A Little Thing.

Someone has been telling us that Gladstone had a physical weakness which made him one with many of his fellows—he could not look down from a height, because of vertigo. The effect of that disability is not to be traced in his career. A similar weakness in another famous man made a very vast difference. A young man, who had thought of entering the Austrian Army, became a cadet under Napoleon. He was made one of the Guardia Nobile by



"HANDS UP, OR I FIRE!": POLICE AT REVOLVER PRACTICE.

Our photograph shows the Brentwood and Romford Police at "snapping" practice.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

Pius VII. The promotion was of no use. He could not ride, because of vertigo. Then said the Pope, "Why, you have not the face of a soldier. Yours is more the face of a priest." The young man took the hint, to become Pius IX. What a world of difference it might have made had he been able comfortably to sit a horse!

EGGING HIM ON!



MRS. EAGLE (as she "diabolas" the only unhatched egg): Ah, I thought that would hurry you up, you young slow-coach.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



WHEN speaking about the child in "The Nelson Touch," Miss May Chevalier cannot fail to be reminded of an incident which happened in the early days of her career. She was on tour at the time, and, with the other members of the company, had started early in the morning for a town which they could not reach until the evening. On the way the train stopped at a junction, and most of the members of the company left the carriage in which they were travelling while it was being shunted. Suddenly, however, without any warning, the guard whistled the train off, and they were all left behind. Miss Chevalier was the only one who had not got off. As the train sped along she suddenly, and to her horror, remembered that there was a baby belonging to the stage carpenter's wife in one of the compartments. At the first stop she went to get it. To her dismay, she found there was no other train that day, and therefore no possibility of the little one's mother getting through to it. There was obviously nothing for Miss Chevalier to do but to take the temporarily motherless little one with her. On arriving at the rooms she had engaged she was greeted by an irate landlady with, "Well, Miss, you didn't tell me you had a baby. The very ideal! I don't let my rooms to people with babies." Eventually, however, the worthy woman allowed the young actress to get in a word edgeways, and when she heard the explanation she became exceedingly sympathetic, and spent the whole of the night with Miss Chevalier, trying to pacify the poor child, which, with much relief, they delivered next day to its mother.

Mr. Seymour Hicks's beautiful "Bath Buns" have evidently something to answer for. At the rehearsals of "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," the disposition of the crowd was at first a little confusing. Mr. Louis Calvert, who was producing the play, noticed one young man who was not in

his correct place, and asked him what he was supposed to be — an officer, a civilian, or what. "I am a belle of Bath, Sir," coolly replied the young man, evidently happily unconscious of the sex problem which is supposed to be raging round the stage at the moment.

Miss Mona K. Oram, who is acting the leading parts with Sir John Hare on his farewell tour, is, as *Sketch* readers will not need reminding, filling a position which she has previously occupied with that distinguished actor. After her last tour with him she was specially engaged

MISS MURIEL ASHWYNNE AS CELIA.

to go to South Africa, where she played Sophie Fullgarney in "The Gay Lord Quex," the part she is now acting, and Zaza. In the company with her was her husband, Mr. Arthur Grenville, who, like so many old Bensonians, goes in for an open-air life and is very fond of sculling. The company was

playing in a small town where there was a river, and Mr. Grenville went for a row and managed to get upset. All sorts of rumours were floating about, which, happily, Miss Oram did not hear. She was sitting in her room reading, when she was suddenly interrupted and told that someone wanted to see her. On going to the door she found it was the man from whom Mr. Grenville was in the habit of hiring his boat. He greeted her with the remark, "I am very sorry, Mum, your 'usband's drowned." There was a dramatic pause. Then he added, "He was ten minutes over his two hours, but I won't charge you for that."

During a stock season in which Miss Oram was engaged as leading lady, the ever-green "East Lynne" was put up, in which, of course, she played Lady Isabel. The only child who could be got for Little Willie was a pretty boy with the face of an angel, but a voice suggestive of a coal-heaver, so that it was impossible for him to speak Willie's lines. That, however, did not trouble the company. The cot was surrounded with a valance, and one of the ladies, now a very well-known actress, volunteered to ensconce herself in the manner of Polonius, not behind the arras, but behind the valance, with the manuscript in one hand and a candle in the other, so that she could read Little Willie's lines. The scene went admirably for a time, and would have finished triumphantly, only just before the curtain came down she got a little confused, and while Miss Oram was tearing off the disguise, she piped in the high treble voice of Little Willie the line the heroine should have spoken, "Dead, dead, and never called me mother!"

MR. ALFRED BRYDONE AS OLD ADAM.

Mr. Arthur Grenville, who is playing Isaacson, the Jew, in "When Knights Were Bold," has, like Miss Oram, played much with Sir John Hare, with whom he went to America on two occasions. On one of the visits the company was warned that there were sharps on board, and advised not to play cards except with their own friends. The sharps

were soon discovered, and left severely alone, and naturally saw that there

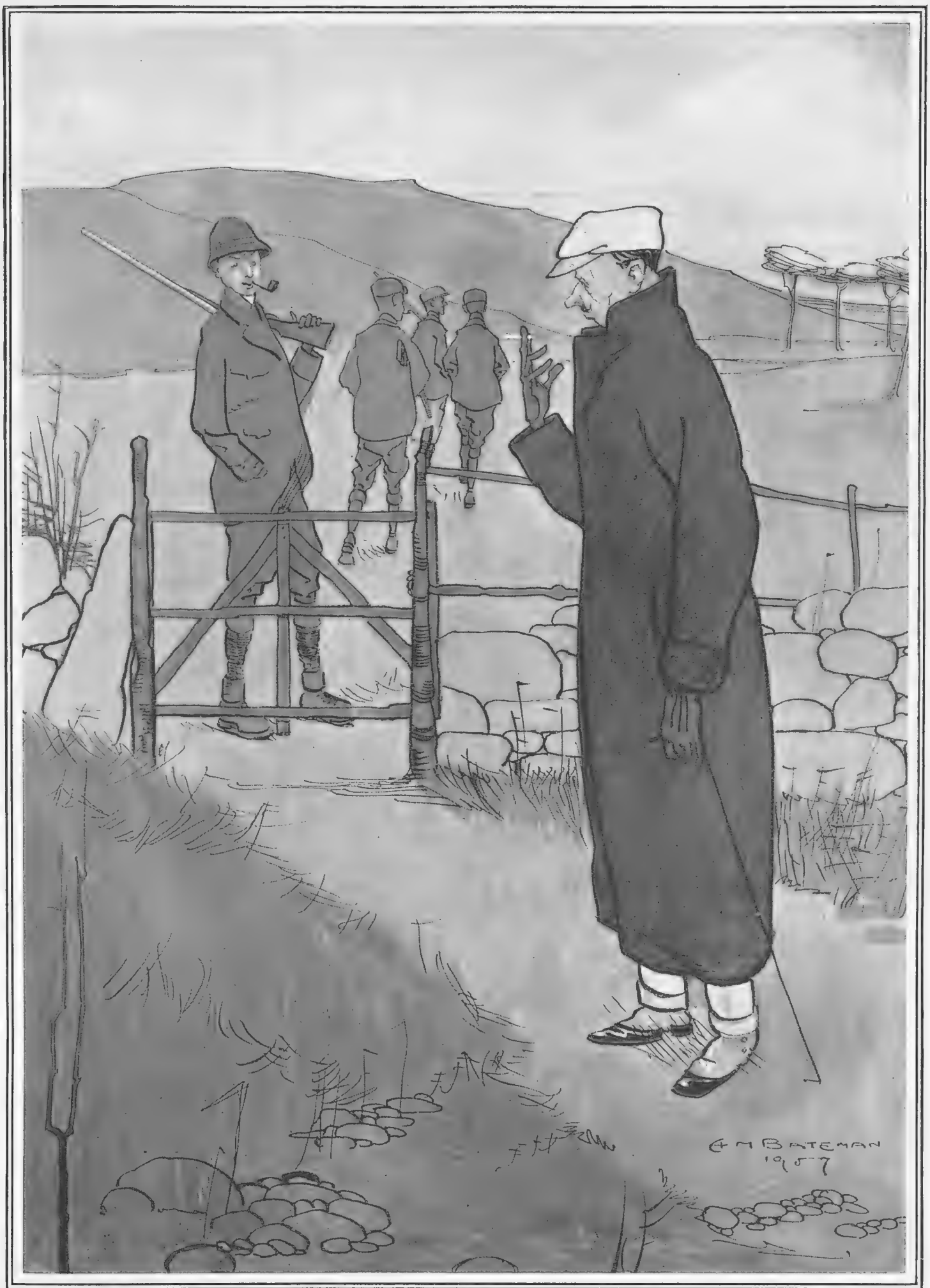
were no pigeons for them to pluck. The last night out the sharps began quarrelling among themselves, and as Mr. Grenville was going towards the smoke-room, he met one of them flourishing a revolver in an excited manner. "You're an actor, aren't you?" asked the sharp. "Yes," replied Mr. Grenville, with conviction, there being, as he slyly suggests, no confrère within hearing distance. "Well, act that you're not frightened now," he said, as he covered Mr. Grenville with his gun. Had anyone seen the actor the next moment he would have guaranteed him a fortune on the cinder-path.

"AS YOU LIKE IT,"
AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Photographs by Rita Martin.

MR. G. KAY SOUPER AS DUKE FREDERICK.

A SPORTSMAN SEVERAL TIMES REMOVED.



BROWN: Don't you shoot, Smith?

SMITH: Well—er—no—not exactly; but my brother makes wads.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE form of humour changes as quickly as the generations. The return of early or mid Victorian garments does not bring back with them a smile at Douglas Jerrold or at Cruikshank. The stranger thing is that the sense of morals seems nearly as variable as the sense of wit. So one supposes, at any rate, when one finds, in the just published Letters of Dr. John Brown, a sentence like this—

I don't like George Eliot's style of mind and feeling. There are too many big words and hints of superknowledge, and there is that taint of sensuality, or rather of sexuality, which was so offensive in "The Mill on the Floss," and which strangely effects even Miss Brontë and Mrs. Gaskell—a sort of coarse George Sandism, without her amazing genius and beauty of word.

Tennyson was "never forgiven" for his "Vivien," and yet Byron was lauded for his "burning simplicity and power and truth."

The author of "Rab and His Friends" did not like Dickens, whom he thought "hard and egoistic"; while Thackeray lives in his pages as "soft-hearted and great-natured." In literature he set Thackeray below Dickens, but he could not re-read his Dickens, while he read his Thackeray over and over again. Matthew Arnold he describes as "looking at the universe and at God through an eyeglass, one eye shut, and a supreme air." He forgave Gladstone "all the rest of his existence," because he proved that "Homer was Achaian, not an Ionian"! Christina Rossetti did not need any forgiveness at his hands. One is glad to read: "How delicious Miss Rossetti's poems are—I am ruining myself in buying copies!" He loved her nearly as well as he loved his "doggiest of dogs."

Ruskin letters are ever welcome, and the volume of the correspondence of Dr. John Brown must be acquired if only for the thirty-four epistles by "the author of 'Modern Painters,'" as he signs himself, included therein. In one of these occurs a sentiment which, had it been published three weeks ago, would have robbed Mr. Gilbert Chesterton's recent contention that the wheel, of all inventions, has done the most to promote the evils of sophistication, of its treasured smack of originality. In 1846 Ruskin wrote—

I can safely say that my only profitable travelling has been on foot, and that I think it admits of much doubt whether not only railroads but even carriages and horses, except for rich people and the conveyance of letters and merchandise, be not inventions of the Evil One. How much of the indolence, ill-health, discomfort, thoughtlessness, selfishness, sin and misery of this life do you suppose may be ultimately referable altogether to the invention of those two articles alone—the carriage and the bridle? I am not jesting.

Ruskin's ghostly blessing must certainly have fallen on a ceremony that took place a week ago in the twelfth-century church at Ifley, near Oxford. Mr. Sydney Carlyle Cockerell was there married to Miss Florence Kingsford, and if ever there was a marriage of true interests here was one; for, while Mr. Cockerell is in the habit of buying manuscripts, Miss Kingsford makes regular practice of illuminating them. Mr. Cockerell has long rubbed shoulders with the cognoscenti of books, for he was William Morris's

secretary, and, as such, his name may be found on a thousand delightfully printed circulars and announcements issued by the Kelmscott Press. But Mr. Cockerell is a man of yet greater associations; he was the friend and secretary of Ruskin, and he holds in his albums many letters of that great letter-writer. Mr. Cockerell's brother is the bookbinder who, after many years spent, in the full spirit of the mediæval craftsman, among tools and leathers, now directs a whole world of binders in the garden city of Letchworth.

"Why, the man's a sponge—nothing but a sponge!" was the verdict of the irate Major at whose mess Rudyard Kipling had dined in India before the publication of some of his short stories, the brilliance of which we are reluctant altogether to credit to the

mess. It would seem Mr. Kipling has been falling back into the old existence; he has, if the reports be true of the note-books that were filled and the pencils that melted away while he was in Canada, been sponging oncemore. From Vancouver to Montreal, and from Montreal to Vancouver, he made no secret of his receptiveness, and "Our Lady of the Snows" has thawed completely towards him in the process of being observed and absorbed.

I am glad to hear from Mr. Elkin Mathews that "Hand in Hand," the book of verse written by Mrs. Lockwood Kipling and her daughter, has passed into a second edition—a proof of public esteem that I had doubted would be made in the case of a volume that, though bearing the Kipling hall-mark, had so little of Kiplingese in its composition.

Sir Francis Burnand is having a fairly busy leisure. He has been lectur-

ing in Scotland, and giving a judicial eye to competing Limericks, and editing a "Catholic Who's Who" containing biographies of some two thousand five hundred of his co-religionists. Sir Francis makes a charming master of the ceremonies among this cosmopolitan crowd—all of them subjects of the King. Messrs. Burns and Oates are the appropriate publishers, and Sir Francis Burnand must needs take to signing himself for the nonce Burn-and-Oate.

The good humour of Mr. Barrie is as large as the Kensington Gardens of his imagination. Not only does he watch with confidence his untranslatable "Peter Pan" being done into French, but he has written a letter of thanks to the daring author of the "Peter Pan Story-Book," Mr. Daniel O'Connor, who has re-told, quite frankly, the story of the play. I always thought that Mr. Barrie indulged in something more than a sneaking liking for the pirates Smee and Starkey, and for even the Captain himself, and now it is proved he loves all pirate-kind. Mr. O'Connor's piracy was, I imagine, done under the very eye of Hook; the faithfulness of his retelling of the play points to many evenings spent in the luxury of a stall, and the result is a luxurious volume, admirably illustrated by Miss Alice Woodward. As Mr. Barrie did not write his own book, we must be glad it has been done so well for him.

M. E.



BETTER BE A "HAS BEEN" THAN A "NEVER WAS"?

IRATE FARMER: 'Ere, waiter, what's this stuff?

WAITER: That's bean soup, Sir.

FARMER: Don't tell me what it 'as been—what is it now?

"A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT!"



THE WIFE: I thought I had married a man!
THE MAN: I'm beginning to think that too!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE SECOND BASKET.

BY V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.



MISS Janet Oliver bent forward and listened intently for the sound of the distant piano. Then with a little nod of satisfaction she drew off her

gloves and smiled at Stephen Marlow. "That's good," she said cheerfully. "Scales, arpeggios, study, piece; that's the time-honoured order of things, isn't it? And those were the last notes of the 'piece,' if I'm not mistaken. Dolly won't keep us waiting long for tea."

The information did not appear to give Dolly's father any particular pleasure. At any rate, he said nothing.

The door opened. "Hasn't Miss Jan—— Oh, you darling! You *have* come." Dolly arrived rather breathless. "Have I kept you waiting? Please pour out while I go and put down the things I have to practise." She danced out again, pink-cheeked and in high spirits. Miss Jan's eyes followed her rather thoughtfully.

"She enjoys these new music-lessons," Marlow observed.

Miss Jan nodded. "So I see."

"You see?" He seemed surprised.

"She wears her best frock for them," Miss Jan explained mischievously.

Marlow threw her an amused glance. "Well, now! You mean that Mr. Denman is young and not bad-looking? But you can't suppose I'm such a careless father. Miss Partridge is always there."

"Is this lump of sugar too large for you?"

Miss Jan held it up and closed one eye critically, with a view to realising its exact size.

"You think Dolly is flighty," he stated.

Miss Jan regretfully abandoned the lump of sugar. "It is too large," she decided.

"I'd like to know," he told her.

Miss Jan sighed. "I was trying to be tactful and to keep my fingers out of your fascinating pie," she mourned; "but you don't appreciate my delicacy. Well, yes; Dolly is inclined to be flighty; but it's your fault, not hers. You know I've always disapproved of your method of bringing her up. It's so dangerous."

His eyes clouded.

"You would have it," Miss Jan reminded him cheerfully.

"Miss Jan," he said, "you might make allowances. All my eggs are in two baskets, and Dolly is one of them. I'm naturally afraid of accidents."

Miss Jan displayed a disappointing lack of curiosity about the second basket.

"But that's where you show such an ostrich-like turn of mind," she said argumentatively. "You hide as much of your basket as you can in the sand, apparently from a sort of double motive: (a) concealment, and (b) a conviction that sand has the effect of—of petrifying eggs. It hasn't; they're just as liable to be broken afterwards."

He shook his head. "I withdraw my pie. Hands off!" he said, with an unconvincing laugh. "I can't explain how I feel about it. It's that I'm afraid always——" he broke off.

"That's morbid," commented Miss Jan without sympathy. "If that's all——"

Dolly returned. "Miss Partridge says," she announced, "that her niece is going to be married at two o'clock on Thursday, and so she can't be here for my music-lesson."

Her father gave an exclamation of annoyance. "Why

couldn't she say so before Mr. Denman went? Now I shall have to write."

"Why, father?"

"To put him off."

Dolly flushed a little. "Oh, Miss Jan, isn't this absurd?" she appealed. "I believe in some previous existence father must have had a harem. Now, father, you won't do anything so—so Oriental, will you? You're not going to make me miss a music-lesson just for that?"

Marlow drew a writing-pad towards him. "You can have it just as well another day," he said.

The girl put down her cup, and rebellion smouldered in her eyes. "And I'm nineteen—nineteen!" she said in a low voice. "And my home is nothing but a convent. Why didn't you have me educated in France, where girls are used to these things? But to see other girls free all round me—oh, it's cruel!" She choked on the word, and pushing back her chair, looked at Miss Jan. "It's only through Miss Jan that I ever have any pleasure," she added.

The door closed, and Marlow finished his note without looking up. Then he opened his pocket-book for a stamp.

"Don't," suggested Miss Jan.

He paused. "I can't argue about it," he said.

"I don't want you to. But you needn't send the letter. I will come instead of Miss Partridge on Thursday."

He hesitated. "Weren't you going——"

"Of course not," interrupted Miss Jan practically, "or I shouldn't have offered."

Their eyes met.

"Oh, don't!" burst from Miss Jan.

"But I must. Jan, why won't you marry me?"

Miss Jan sighed resignedly. "Because it is more agreeable," she supplied, "to chaperon Dolly as a favour than as a duty."

He shook his head. "Dolly loves you, and whatever you say, I know you love her. *Why*, Jan?"

"You're so disgustingly rich," Miss Jan suggested rather hopelessly.

"Do you consider yourself a pauper, then?"

"No, but I once was. You have never been."

His eyes rested on her appreciatively. Her dress was, as always, the perfection of suitability, and, as always, stamped with her own hall-mark of unobtrusive, but (as he guessed) not inexpensive daintiness. It occurred to him that poverty must have borne with exceptional heaviness on Miss Jan.

"You were poor once," he mused. "That was before Dolly and I knew you. Do you know, you have never told me anything about it?"

"Oh, yes, I know," said Miss Jan lamely.

He raised his eyebrows. "Which means you are never going to?"

"Oh, no. You never asked. If you care to hear such prehistoric things——"

"You're fishing," he interrupted calmly. "It's fifteen years since we first knew you, and as you were twenty-two then I cannot deny that it looks as though you should be thirty-seven now; but you know as well as I do that you aren't."

"One can't help *feeling* young," protested Miss Jan with some heat. "I never pretend to *be* young."

"Apparently one can't help looking young, too," he observed. "What you have done is to shed all the tiresome crudities of youth and keep all its attractiveness."

Miss Jan laughed at him. "When did you put that together?" she challenged. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You're forty-one, you know. But wasn't I going to tell you about when I was poor?"

"Oh, yes," he agreed with resignation.

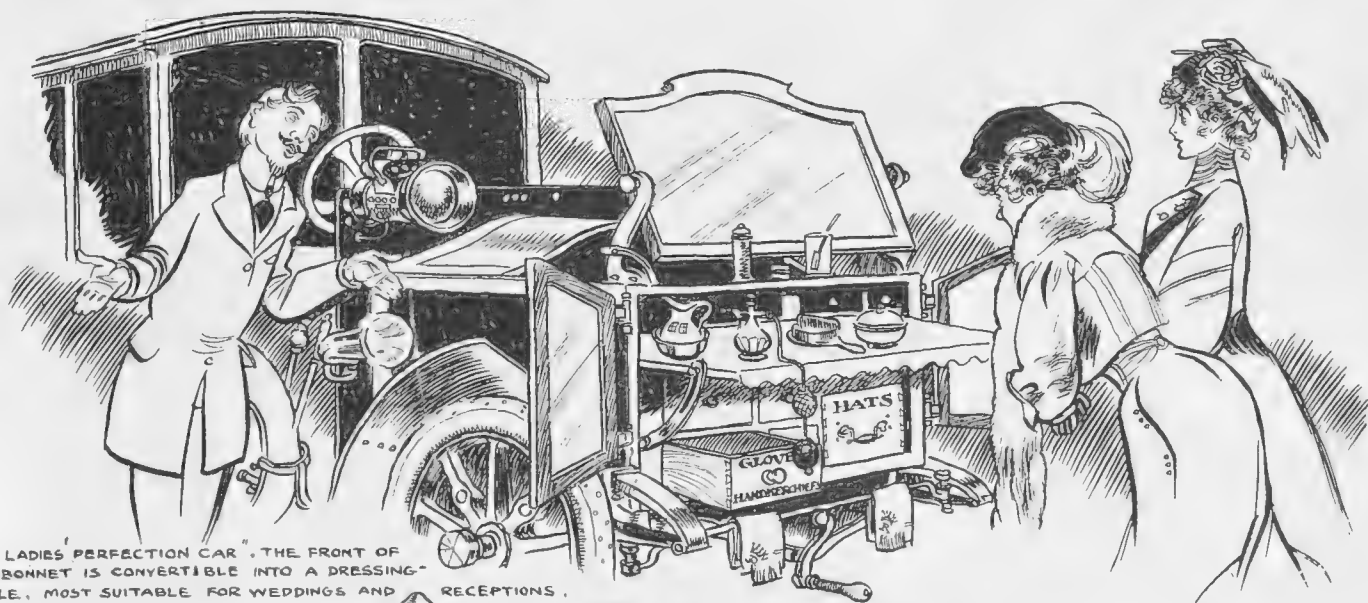
"If you don't want to hear——"

"I do. But I'd like to know first why you were poor."

"My people cast me off."

Continued overleaf.

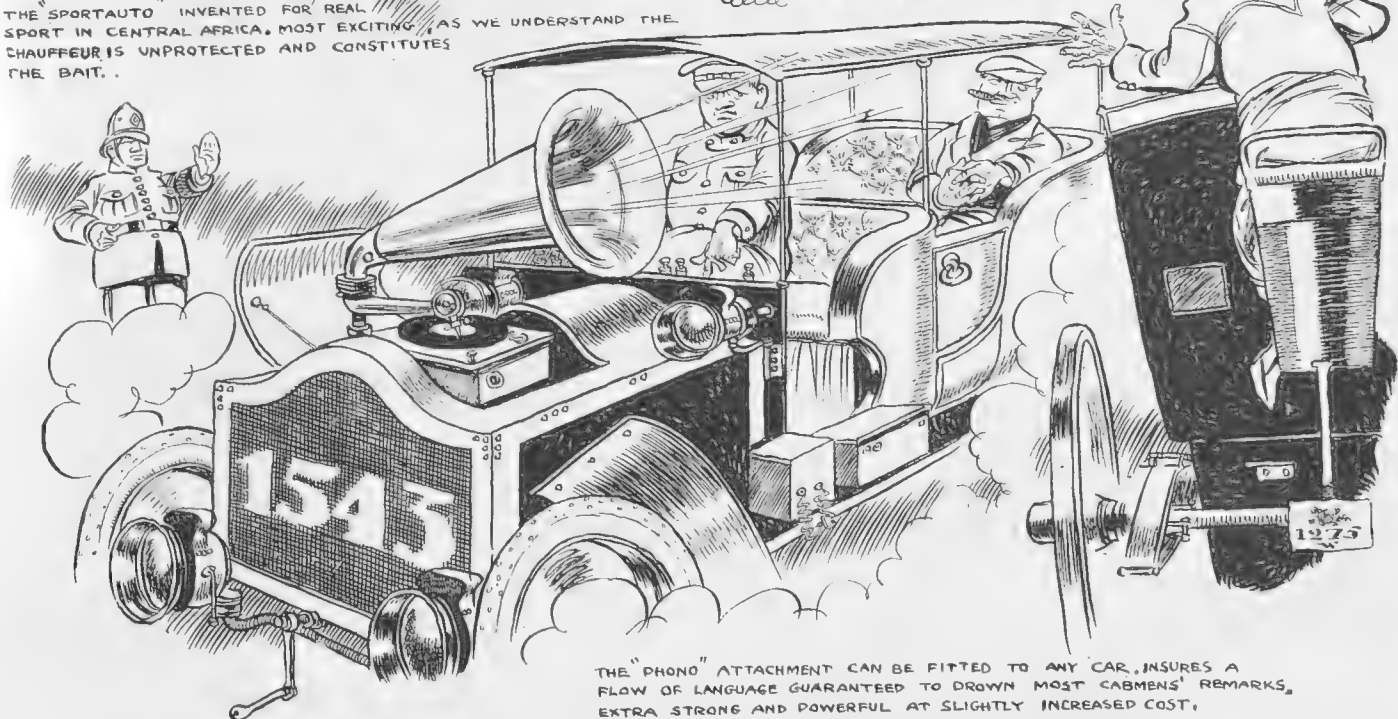
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PATENTED, BUT NOT YET PRODUCED.

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.

He gave a little murmur of sympathy, and Miss Jan looked at him with amusement.

"That's unreasonable," she pointed out. "How can you tell which side you're on till you know the cause of dispute? The cause of dispute was a poor little pink-and-white girl I had known at school. She had no relations, and a man deceived her. One day she wrote to me. My parents refused to let me go and nurse her because she was not married. My attitude scandalised them, and theirs scandalised me. I looked for support to Robert Gale, and didn't find it."

He glanced a question.

"Robert Gale," she answered, "was the man I thought I could marry. I went to the poor little girl, and took with me the little money I possessed. It lasted through her illness, and in those few months I was of real use for the first time in my life."

The silence grew long to Stephen Marlow. "And after she was better?" he prompted.

Miss Jan roused herself. "She died. Mothers do now and then."

"Ah! I didn't understand. What waste!" he said presently, below his breath.

"Waste?"

"Yes; of you. You had given up everything, and never got it back."

Miss Jan looked a little surprised. "Oh, but I did. I was coming to that. I only had to work for my living two years. Then Uncle Thomas died and left me his money."

He was silent, and light broke upon Miss Jan. Her lips quivered a little.

"Ah, you mean my engagement? But if you only knew! Why, a year later I was thankful—thankful! And now—I don't know anyone I am sorrier for than his wife. I can't say more, can I?" she demanded, smiling.

He made an inarticulate sound, and suddenly Miss Jan's mood changed. "I did right to go to her?" she asked softly.

He sighed. "Yes, yes! Right and finely. When did you ever do otherwise?" He moved restlessly, and a look of faint expectancy was in Miss Jan's eyes. At his next words it died out.

"I don't believe," he said abruptly, "I ever thank you for what you've been to Dolly."

"I do hope," she cried in mock alarm, "you're not going to begin now. It would be a mean revenge to take simply because I won't marry you."

"Jan."

"Well?"

"Tell me. I have sometimes wondered—it has occurred to me that people perhaps—I mean, you were only a girl when first you mothered Dolly—"

Miss Jan laughed softly. "Oh, that has occurred to you? Well, yes. Scandalised hands have been raised for fifteen years or so over my efforts to catch you—if that is what you mean."

"Jan! You've—you've borne that for us! How selfish, how brutal I've been to let you—"

"Do you suppose I care?" Miss Jan broke in with a fine assumption of contempt.

"Yes, I do. It must have tortured your pride every day. I can't see why you've been so good to us?"

Miss Jan picked up her gloves. "Habit, Stephen," she said lightly. "I got used to kissing Dolly when she was a fat, rosy, soft thing, and I can't do without it now."

"But, Jan—"

"Habit," repeated Miss Jan firmly. "If you have reached the age of forty-one, Stephen, without appreciating its power, try to get through dinner to-night holding your knife in your left hand. Then you'll learn. Good-bye, and tell Dolly I won't fail her on Thursday."

Miss Jan's smile of welcome died away, and she rose quickly.

"What is it, Stephen?" she asked.

He sat down on the nearest chair. "She's gone, Jan."

"Stephen! What do you mean?"

"Dolly. She's run away with Denman."

"Oh, impossible!" Miss Jan grew white. "Stephen! You're sure? How—how could it be? They were never alone—"

He shook his head impatiently. "It seems they were. Miss Partridge confesses to having retired regularly into the next room to make herself a cup of tea."

Miss Jan thought rapidly. "Do the servants know?"

"Not yet. She left the house at two o'clock, saying she would be back for tea. At a quarter past, Miss Partridge, turning into the Square, caught a glimpse of her and Denman in a hansom. She wired for me, and I came home." He walked restlessly up and down. "It's in the hands of the police; but if they shouldn't succeed; if Dolly—" He groaned.

Miss Jan's eyes grew very pitiful.

"I always knew," he went on distractedly, "I always knew I should pay this way."

Miss Jan made a slight movement, and he started.

"What have I been talking about? I don't know what I'm saying. Oh, Jan, I can't bear it! Waiting, and doing nothing."

Miss Jan nodded. "Don't wait. Do something. Go and make inquiries. Do anything that has the faintest chance of success. And first go home and get Miss Partridge out of the way. She's not sharp enough to hide it from the servants—"

He started up. "I never thought of that! Of course. Thank you, Jan. I—I think I've been asleep or paralysed. I'll go at once. . . ."

It was dusk when he reached home, unsuccessful. With a strong effort he spoke naturally to the servant who opened the door.

"Any letters, Rogers?"

"No post, Sir." His heart sank. "A parcel from Miss Oliver, Sir."

"A parcel?" He looked at the brown-paper covering with wonder, and was on the point of opening it when he remembered that there might be a note inside. It might even, by some miracle, contain news of Dolly. He went into the smoking-room and shut the door. Then he cut the string eagerly. There was an inner covering of tissue-paper, a small basket with a lid, and inside a good deal of bran and a few objects wrapped in paper again. He unfastened one mechanically, his eyes still searching for the note that was not there. Then he stared at what lay in his hand. "Eggs!" he gasped. "I lose a daughter, and she sends me—ah!" He sprang to his feet and rang the bell violently. He had remembered. It was only two days since their last conversation. "Jan! Jan!" he murmured. Then at the sound of a step in the hall he hurriedly thrust the basket into a cupboard.

The door opened.

"A hansom, Rogers," he said. "And delay dinner half-an-hour. I am going to fetch Miss Dolly home from Miss Oliver's."

"She's asleep," Miss Jan told him, "and quite, quite safe."

Marlow nodded. "Please tell me all about it," he said humbly.

"Poor child!" Miss Jan said softly. "It seems he persuaded her to join him with the promise of a *matinée*, which she couldn't resist. They drove to a theatre and he got out, but came back to say every seat was taken. They tried at another with the same result. That roused her suspicions a little, but I think the excitement was intoxicating, and she wouldn't think at first. Later it seems something he said frightened her, and she said she must go home, but he begged her to have tea with him first. They drove to a station, he explaining that it would take them only five minutes by train. But she had ceased to believe him by then, and when he went for the tickets, she followed and heard the booking-clerk say, "Four-and-threepence." That terrified her, and she flew down the station stairs and jumped into the nearest motor-bus. After a while, when she was sure she had escaped him, she took a hansom and drove straight here."

It was a few seconds before Marlow spoke. "Jan, I've got to tell you," he said then. "You've saved Dolly for me—"

"I? But I simply sat still and did nothing."

"Ah, but you know what I mean. She would have been afraid to come home—afraid of me. She would have hesitated, and waited, perhaps too long, and then—ah, Jan! But there was you. She knew you would have only comfort and kind words for her, and so she didn't hesitate. You know you've saved her as surely as if you could have taken a cab and caught them up. I'm grateful, Jan. I ought to have told you long ago, but I was afraid. Your friendship was so dear to me, and I suppose I always hoped that some day you might give me more than friendship. You have thought me absurd and nervous about Dolly, and no wonder. You couldn't understand, but you will now. It's that I deserved to lose her. I've always deserved, and always feared it. Jan, I never married her mother."

Miss Jan looked up. "I have always known," she said.

He sat as if stunned.

"I can hardly believe," Miss Jan went on softly, "that you have really told me at last. It has been so long."

"Will you tell me how it is?" he asked painfully.

"Of course. She was the girl I told you about—the girl I nursed."

He tried to understand. "But you said—didn't you say she was a school-friend? Dolly's mother was a servant."

"Yes; my dormitory-maid at school."

"And that is why you have been good to Dolly?"

"I promised to do what I could."

"Ah!" he cried sharply. "Even that!"

"What do you mean?"

"Your friendship. It was all done for her, then; none of it for me. Oh, Jan, so I have never had even that?—never even your friendship?"

She trembled. "Never my friendship," she agreed.

His eyes rested on her. He dared not understand.

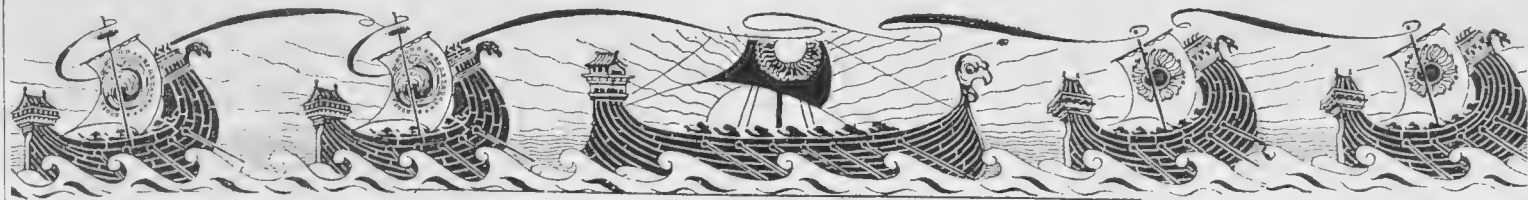
"Jan?" he questioned longingly.

"I was only waiting," she said. "Until there was truth between us how could I let you see that it was—never friendship? But now—"

He bent forward eagerly. "Now, Jan—"

"Oh, well!" Her voice broke. "Now, if you want it, there's the second basket, you know."

THE END.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

ONCE upon a time plans were afoot which, if completed, would have rendered it unnecessary for Mr. William Randolph Hearst to cable his talk of "clotted nonsense" to the

Times. He looked London carefully over and saw that it was good. Then, "Here will I build me an American journal and serve it hot to the British public," he said. But then he made a discovery, a most disconcerting discovery: we are blessed, or not blessed, with libel laws. "No live American paper could pay with those libel laws," said Mr. Hearst, as he turned his attention from London to the American Continent. He would be an awkward man with whom to have a personal quarrel. He is a six-footer, and more, a big-headed, big-fisted man, with no end of determination. He is thorough, as well in sensationalism as in political campaigning. They say that Mr. Arthur Brisbane, editor

IS GARTER-CUTTING AT A WEDDING INDEDECATE? PRINCESS DAGMAR OF DENMARK, AN INTERESTED PARTY.

According to gossip from Berlin, the tradition that requires that after the wedding ceremony the bride's garters be cut up and distributed among the guests has caused some controversy between the courts of Denmark and Germany, in connection with the forthcoming marriage of Prince Adalbert of Prussia to Princess Dagmar of Denmark. For years past the garters themselves have not actually been cut, and pieces of coloured ribbon have taken their place.

of the *New York Journal*, is his literary brain, but it is Mr. Hearst's boast that he himself can do anything in the business, from reporting and setting up the type, to printing the paper on the machines. He sells to five million people a day, and they think him the finest journalist in the world.

The "Quarter" Demonstrates.

Trilby, of course, is dead, and the house where she lived has gone the way of other houses in Paris which grow old and get brushed away by improvements. Also, Little Billee and other members of the happy band have changed. They wear their hair shorter now, bless you, and their trousers tighter,

and their ties less "flot-tant." But though they have cut their hair, they have not cut their spirits, these dear boys of the Pays Latin. They rollick and frolic as they did before steam-trams, American boot stores, and evening clothes came into the country of the Paris student. They did not like a certain Professor—or rather, two of them—principally because they came from Nancy instead of from the Paris School of Medicine; and they told them so in terms of rotten eggs, tomatoes, and potatoes. Before such arguments the Professors had to retire; but they will get their whack in one of these days: there are such things as "orals" in the scheme of the medicine man.

wards coloured evening dress. Henry Bernstein, the popular dramatic author (an adaptation of whose "Le Voleur" was produced at the St. James's the other night), arrived at the dress-rehearsal of "Samson" in brown evening clothes. A week before, one of the actors at the Gymnase appeared similarly attired upon the stage. The idea spreads, and has now been caught up by the theatrical paper *Comadial*, which announces a crusade. "A bas l'habit noir!" says one of the writers in that journal; "let us keep black for funerals and official ceremonies." If these reformers have their way, smart young men will blossom out in all the colours of the rainbow. We shall have suits of bottle-green, of aubergine, of mottled -grey and

A Coming Fashion? The latest movement in Paris is to-

bright copper. Mark Twain, all in white, will look a pale and ghost-like figure

beside these splendid creatures. Well, let a man have the courage of his colour, and appear in his favourite tone, whatever his neighbours do. At least, the fashion should not be difficult to set in England, where burly Aldermen, City Lieutenants, and capacious officers of Volunteers already masquerade in red.

Sir Percy Scott's Secret.

If the worse came to the worst, and by some perversity of fortune Sir Percy Scott should make the nation poorer by quitting the Navy over that famous signal, there would be more than one other Power willing and anxious to have him. Not only is he a terrific fellow behind the guns; he has

a genius for making those guns still better. What it is we do not know, but he has a secret up his sleeve, so to speak, which is expected, by the very few who have an inkling of what it means, to revolutionise naval and military gunnery in the course of the next few years. The secret is not indicated in the Naval Estimates; secret funds can at times be administered for better purpose than electioneering. Whatever it is, he is the man who holds the master key, and the man in the street, will know nothing about the details until the man at sea has perfected it.



ATTACKED ON A LINER: Mlle. BAZAINE, DAUGHTER OF EX-MARSHAL BAZAINE.

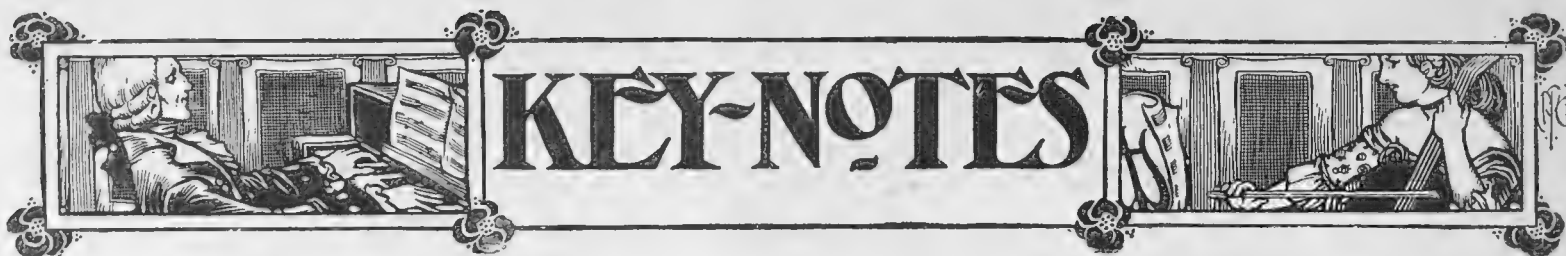
A recent telegram from Brest gave details of an attack made upon Mlle. Bazaine on the German liner "Kronprinzessin Cecilie." The man who committed the outrage is believed to have been one of the stewards, who must have gone mad, who was found to have disappeared when the roll of the crew was called.



AUTHOR OF THE "CLOTLED NONSENSE" CABLE: MR. W. R. HEARST. Photograph by Pundy.



THE GUNNERY AND PAINTWORK INCIDENT: ADMIRAL SIR PERCY SCOTT. Photograph by Russell, Southsea.



BARON ALBERT FRANCHETTI, who, after long years, has obtained a hearing at our national Opera House, comes from Venice, where his father was the head of a great Jewish banking house. Since the days when he studied music in Dresden and Munich, Baron Franchetti has composed some half-a-dozen operas. His first work, "Asrael," was produced in Italy nearly twenty years ago, and has been heard in many countries since.

"Germania" is, perhaps, his best-known opera, though his "Cristoforo Colombo" is quite popular. The great drawback to Franchetti's works is the expense involved in mounting them. We have been told in Italy that he has frequently come to the assistance of impresarios who were anxious to produce his operas, but were unable to do justice to the setting. The composer has a gift of melody, does not follow German models too slavishly, and can handle concerted numbers with very great skill. In the spring of this year the writer heard Franchetti's "Figlia di Jorio" given at the Cos-

tanza Opera House in Rome, where it failed to make any lasting impression. The book of this opera is by Gabriele d'Annunzio; for "Germania," which is divided into a prologue, two acts, and an epilogue, Baron Franchetti went to Signor Illica for a libretto, and the story deals with the time when Napoleon I. was seeking to smother the efforts made by certain German patriots to rouse the country from its attitude of neutrality. The prologue finds us in the year 1806, and the epilogue takes place after the battle on the plains of Leipsic in October 1813. The love interest and the dramatic interest are strong, the latter being the stronger; but it would be impossible to mount the work effectively on any stage smaller than that of Covent Garden, and the present production must have involved a very considerable outlay. Baron Franchetti is not a rapid writer; he is now in his forty-seventh year, and his output consists of little more than half-a-dozen operas and a symphony in E minor.

At the first performance, in which Mme. Giachetti appeared with great success as Rieke, and MM. Bassi, Sammarco, and Luppi were heard to advantage, it was apparent to one and all that the composer speaks a language of his own. He does not borrow the idioms of half-a-dozen composers or blend suggestions of half-a-dozen famous operas into music that pretends to be new. Franchetti has originality, a gift of melody, a dramatic sense, a ready response to the mood of the stage, and a capacity for building up effects as the action proceeds, so that he is at his best at the climacteric. The score of "Germania" has many beautiful pages, but the love interest is subordinated to other aspects of the story, and the composer writes as though he cared less for love than for war. The final scene,

where the heroine searches the battlefield of Leipsic for the body of her husband, is set to music of touching but sombre beauty, and some of the earlier choruses are masterpieces of their kind. They were not too well sung last week; indeed, it may be suggested that Covent Garden holds many better performances of "Germania" in store for us.

Among the many pianists of merit who have appealed to music-lovers in the past week, Mr. Francis Quarry must be singled out for a word of warm praise. He is an Irishman, and seems to have the temperament that makes some of his countrymen successful poets. Essentially an interpreter, he seems to search for beauty, and to be content with nothing else. The result is that, being well equipped with technique, he can express the rarest qualities of the music he interprets, and his concert at the Queen's Hall was an unmistakable and immediate artistic success. Mr. Francis Quarry should make his mark, even in these days when the profession is overcrowded.

A numerous audience attended the fourth concert of the Thursday Twelve o'Clock series at the Æolian Hall last week, when Debussy's String Quartet Op. 10 was the principal work performed. The intricacies of this very modern composition were unravelled with striking clearness under the vigorous and musicianly leadership of Mme. Beatrice Langley, and the result was a most excellent performance of music that gains fresh charm from every hearing. The interesting programme included some songs by Grieg, charmingly sung by Mrs. Henry Wood, and accompanied with perfect taste and discretion by her husband. Pianoforte solos were also played with distinction by Miss M. Verne, and the attitude of the audience suggested that the Twelve o'Clock

Concert is to be a regular feature of London's music.

Miss Myra Hess, who gave a concert at the Queen's Hall last week with the aid of the New Symphony Orchestra, has made so much progress as a Royal Academy student, and has found so many friends, that the concert-hall was very well attended on a night when every other home of music had attractions to offer the public. She played Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in G, and Saint-Saëns' Concerto in C minor, displaying in her rendering of each considerable achievement and great promise. Like so many young players, Miss Hess is not always successful in finding the full meaning that often underlies loud and brilliant passages. She is inclined to dash at the difficulties, master them cleverly, and having reduced the enemy to submission, she turns to find beauty in the composer's milder

moods. Doubtless when she has more experience she will wake to the fact that some masters have chosen to hide beauty under a heavy load of demi-semi-quavers. A fine rendering of Mozart's Symphony in C major, a new work by Dr. Charles Wood, and a part of Vincent d'Indy's orchestral Trilogy on Wallenstein completed a programme that was full of interest. **COMMON CHORD.**



MME. SADA YACCO AS A MAN AND A MUSICIAN: THE FAMOUS JAPANESE ACTRESS AS A VIOLINIST.

Photograph by K. Sano.



STUDYING THE MODERN DRAMA IN PARIS: MME. SADA YACCO (IN A NATIVE DANCE).

Mme. Sada Yacco, the famous Japanese actress, who met with considerable success in this country some while ago, and has since made most successful appearances in Paris, is now studying modern dramatic art in La Ville Lumière. It is not a little curious that she should appear as a man, for not so very long ago women were unknown on the Japanese stage, as they were once in England, and the female parts were played by men or boys.

Photograph by Branfer.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

LADY OWNERS—ENTERPRISE—RACECOURSE FIGURES.

I HOPE the report that Baroness Eckhardstein is about to run some racehorses in this country will turn out to be true, and I trust she will adopt the colours carried so successfully on the horses owned by her father, the late Sir J. Blundell Maple. I remember a time when Sir Blundell could not win a race of any sort. On one occasion I sent an Irish breeder, who wanted to dispose of some brood mares and foals, to Tottenham Court Road to see the late Sir Blundell. The latter was hard at work, with his coat off. He would not buy the bloodstock at any price; all that he wanted was winners, to replace some of the animals that he then had in training, and that were, to use his own words, "far better fitted for the shafts of a cab than for the racecourse." Very soon after this the luck changed, and Sir Blundell ran up a remarkable sequence of winners. When he was lying dangerously ill at Childwickbury he used to have some of his racehorses brought on to the lawn so that he might have a look at them from the window. Up to the very last he took the liveliest interest in his thoroughbred stud. We have several lady owners at the present time. Lady de Bathe is very fond of the sport of kings, but of late years she has met with indifferent luck. It is said that Lady Meux will race some of her young horses in the future, instead of leasing them. A lady ran a horse in the Grand National two or three times, but she adopted a *nom-de-course*, and the majority of racegoers always thought the owner of the animal was a man.

Already the Continental list men are offering 2000 to 1 against the double event, the Lincoln Handicap and Grand National for 1908, and it is pretty safe to predict that many of the little punters will try their hands at the merry little double. The offers already made in the Lincoln Handicap are 40 to 1 Lally, 40 to 1 Longcroft, and 50 to 1 any others. All in enter or not. The offers on the Grand National are 25 to 1 Rathvale, 33 to 1 against any other. It would be a feat indeed to guess the two winners before the entries are out, but it will be news to many to be told that the nominations for the spring handicaps are due in seven weeks' time. It is likely that many of those who took part in the autumn handicaps will run at Lincoln, while history teaches that the three-year-olds need not be taken into consideration, as the younger horses cannot, seemingly, be got into the handicap to win. With the Grand National it is necessary

to select horses that can get the course; but the luck is a great element at Aintree, and many a probable winner has been knocked over by a riderless horse, and, like the late Fred Swindell, I do not like to see my money in the air. I did chance my maximum on Ambush II. the last time he ran, only to see him come down at the last fence. Even then, had he been on the right side of the fence, he might have got up and won easily! At least, that is my reading of the position. When his Majesty, then Prince of Wales, ran The Scot in the National (on the very day the late Duke of Albany died), I had him in a double-event with Tonans, the Lincoln Handicap winner. The Scot did not get over three fences, and, if I remember aright, the King made a present of the horse to Lord Marcus Beresford after the race.

I have before me a balance-sheet of one of the Metropolitan racecourses, and it contains certain details that make very interesting reading. Thus, I find that for the year just closed the wages for ticket-sellers, gate-keepers, etc., amounted to £1146 os. 11d. The judge, handicapper, starter, and weighing-room officials cost £738, and the police £1257 5s. 4d. The medical officers' and veterinary surgeons' salaries amounted to £32 8s. 6d.; the wages of regular labourers and attendants at hurdle and steeplechase meetings totalled up to £1197 2s. 7d. The rent of the estate was £3750; while the rates, taxes, and insurance came to the enormous sum of £3837. The added money was £27,703; while the entrance-fees brought in £18,678. The admission to stands and course was £27,826; refreshments, £858; and the sale of racecards, £1414. The members' enclosure produced £13,000 for

the year, which, I need scarcely add, was a good nest-egg to go to market with. It will be seen from the above that racing still flourishes, and the courses that are popular with the public bring in a large revenue, while they pay their fair share to the upkeep of the country in the shape of rates and taxes. Furthermore, a flourishing racecourse company is in a position to offer big prizes under both sets of rules, thereby ensuring tip-top sport. Undoubtedly the Bank Holiday fixtures are of great value to racecourses in the neighbourhood of London, but I have never been able to get hold of any reliable figures of a Bank Holiday fixture.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



"LES EFFETS DU KNOCK-OUT": A FRENCH ARTIST'S IDEA OF THE VISIONS SEEN AFTER A KNOCK-OUT BLOW.

Describing the illustration here given, a French contemporary says: "When a boxer gets hit on the tip of his chin, on the carotid, or in the pit of the stomach, he falls down unconscious. Seeing the human rag lying in the ring, the public thinks that he must suffer intensely. Nothing of the sort. The man, on receiving this blow, thinks he is before a colossal crowd; he hears the sound of bells, and he sees thousands of candles."



No Fuel Limit. As I foreshadowed shortly after the conclusion of the race in the early part of the present year, there will be no Tourist Trophy Race in the Isle of Man in 1908, for the reason that, in the opinion of the Club, automobile engineers are now in possession of all the data which can be afforded by races in which a fuel-limit obtains as a salient condition. A fuel-limit was and is an easy means of controlling horse-power and speed, and so far as they went the triple bouquet of Tourist Trophy Races have undoubtedly provoked and entailed improvements in every part of the modern motor-car. And so the book of the Tourist Trophy Race closes down for ever, and, with the permission of the island authorities, a speed race of about 350 miles will be held next year in the Isle of Man. The race will be based on maximum bore and minimum weight. Cars will be eligible the Dⁿ of whose cylinders does not exceed 64, so that the maximum bore of any four-cylinder engine used must not be more than 4 in., while the minimum



THE BRITISH AND COLONIAL
DAIMLER-MERCÉDÈS.

The Daimler-Mercédès is a replica of the famous German-built Mercédès, but is all-British, having been made at the works of the Yorkshire Engine Company at Sheffield. The car can be supplied with either live-axle drive or chain drive, and everything about it is of the best. The car is fitted with steel wheels, which, it is claimed, are both lighter and stronger than wood wheels.

weight will be 1800 lb., excluding driver, mechanic, all spares and tools, but including petrol, oil, and water. Well, well, this is the Tourist Trophy Race without the fuel-limit.

The Moteur Bloc Principle.

Here and there about Olympia I notice an inclination to adopt the *moteur bloc* principle more freely than ever before. For the information of my non-technical readers, I should explain that when an engine is said to be cast on the *moteur bloc* principle, it means that all the cylinders, be they two, three, four, or six, are cast, together with their water-jackets and valve-chambers, in one casting. I have a fancy for this arrangement, and makers who carry it out properly will probably find that they can thereby produce a better and a cheaper engine. At all events, we find so eminent an engineer as Mr. Royce, of Messrs. Rolls Royce, Limited, casting three cylinders of his six-cylinder engines together. If my memory serves me correctly, however, I fancy the Ariel Motor Company were the first to show an engine (a six-cylinder engine, indeed) so cast in this country. It was, I think, at a Crystal Palace Show.

Propeller-Shaft Casings as Torque Rods.

There is also an inclination on the part of certain designers to drop the V torque rod and impress the propeller-shaft casing into the service. Now, broadly speaking, the duty of a torque rod or truss is to damp the inclination possessed by all live-axle cars to climb up their own crown wheels, and though the employment of the propeller-shaft casing for this purpose makes for neatness and reduces the number of members beneath the chassis by one, I cannot think that a tube, flanged and bolted fast

at one end to the socket of the differential-gear casing, can be nearly as efficient as the older form of torque rod. It can only be used in cases where but one universal joint is employed, and, to my mind, in connection with a self-propelled fabric like a motor-car, driven at high speed mainly over indifferent and unequal road-surfaces, two universal joints are to be preferred.

Prevalence of Universals.

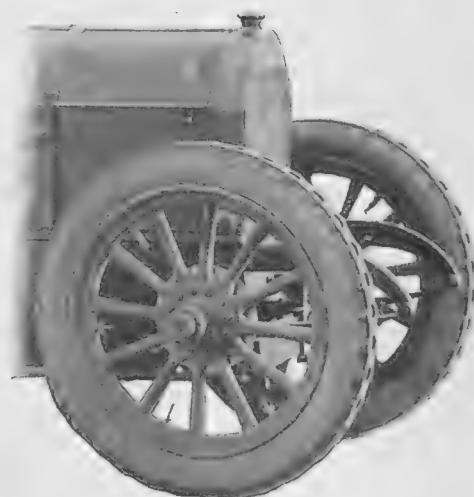
Another tendency, and that an admirable one, is to be noticed in making a comparative inspection of the numerous chassis at Olympia—I mean the frequency with which one comes across designs in which a really good, actual non-torsional joint occurs between the clutch and the gear-shaft. With good universal joints between clutch and gear-shafts, gear-shaft and propeller-shaft, and propeller-shaft and driving bevel-wheel shaft, all frame-torsion is nullified, and, everything else being equal, a particularly sweet running car should result.

A Daimler in Spain.

Those who care to read all about a Daimler (not a castle, although they may have had Castle accumulators on the car) in Spain should beg a copy of the publication so termed from the urbane gentleman on the Daimler stand. Written by Percy W. Northey, the skilled motorist who finished second in the first Tourist Trophy Race, and illustrated by Raven Hill, this is a true story, quite distinct from the average, everyday motor tour (of which one has had now nearly enough) not only by reason of the fresh country broken, but because of the chatty, readable manner in which the incidents of this stirring trip by flood and field are set out. But from the descriptions of the roads traversed, and the fact that, notwithstanding all things, the party brought the Daimler back safe and sound, Daimler cars will enjoy a Spanish monopoly for quite a long time.

The British-built Belsize.

No firm in this wide realm bears a better reputation for sound automobile engineering than the Belsize Motor Company of Manchester. In all respects, and by experience, they have won their spurs, until, in the North of England particularly, no car enjoys better repute. They have served their apprenticeship to automobile engineering, and have learned all that the early struggles could teach motorists and engineers taking up motor practice. On their Stand, No. 60, at Olympia they show a 20-h.p. Belsize car, which is an exact facsimile of that staunch and satisfactory vehicle so smartly and so successfully driven by Mrs. Riley in the late Scottish Reliability Trials, in which it gained



THE KEMPSTALL NON-SKID PNEUMATIC TYRE.

The newest non-skid, the "Kempshall," made by the Kempshall Tyre Company, was recently tried at Brooklands track on a 30-40-h.p. Fiat. The result of the trials has given much satisfaction to the makers of the tyres, the merits of which are likely to be widely known in the near future. Already, many experts are much interested in the invention.

Photograph by Wakefield.



TOILET FITTINGS ON A BERLIET CAR, THE COACH-WORK AND DESIGN OF WHICH ARE BY MESSRS. MULLINER, OF LONG ACRE AND NORTHAMPTON.

We give on our page of comic sketches, "Olympia Eclipsed," a car, imagined by one of our Artists, the bonnet of which is convertible into a dressing-table. By a remarkable coincidence, after we had accepted Mr. René Bull's drawing, we received the photograph given above, which shows a car actually fitted much in the manner shown by our Artist. It will be seen that the interior of this Berliet has washing and toilet fittings, and also luncheon and tea sets.

a non-stop certificate, and a gold medal for securing the greatest number of marks for all-round efficiency. Only those who drove over the difficult and trying course selected by the canny officials of the Scottish Automobile Club for those trials can at all realise the monumental character of the feat performed. The 28-h.p. Belsize chassis shown is a distinct departure in Belsize practice, the valves atop design, good and supremely convenient as it has proved itself, being relinquished for an engine with inlet and exhaust valves all on the near sides of the cylinders. The Belsize Company are one of the few firms to fit a removable dust-proof casing to the cylinders, enclosing the valve tappet-guides, valve-tappets, and valve-stems, thus protecting them from the dust and grit that must enter through the radiator. Thermo-syphon, or, as some people prefer to call it, natural water circulation is adopted, thus relieving the owner of all pump anxieties. The British Belsize cars are in the front rank at Olympia.

*Daring, Durable
Darracqs.*

Experience of the most thorough and exhaustive character alone has prompted that original designer, M. Darracq, to adopt the gear and differential entity as the feature of his new 18-h.p. four-cylinder car. By some this departure may be stigmatised as extremely daring, but, after all, "the proof of the pudding," etc., and what has stood staunchly on the racing Darracqs, which have done so well and been tried so high, will surely suffice for the all-round touring car, which, at the worst, receives nothing like such a severe towelling in a lifetime as one of these *voitures de course* in covering a three-hundred miles race on a twisting course. For the past three years this gear-differential box has been in test on Darracq fliers, and that, at least, should carry conviction. So the gear-box disappears from the centre of the frame and reappears farther aft, where it is carried on a stiff T section down-swept back axle, the driving shafts issuing from it and passing through the horns of the back axle to the driving-wheels. The gear-differential case is set on the right half of this axle, and has the bevel pinion and crown wheel within it on the extreme left, and the intermediate-gear wheels and differential-gear box on its extreme right, the first and second speed driving-wheels being between these two members, and the corresponding driven wheels on the secondary gear, or lay shaft, in the horizontal plane to the rear. The driving-shafts, generally referred to as the back axle or driving-axle, are, of course, most securely carried, and have no other duty to perform but to rotate the road wheels. Messrs. Darracq were, as all the world knows, among the first to press pressed steel into the service of the motor-car, particularly with regard to frames; and in the models shown at Olympia the visitor to the Show has a grand opportunity of seeing what really wonderful work is done by Messrs. Darracq in this direction.

*Steering-Wheel
Side-Slips.*

Asphalt and wood pavement, when the latter does not become too full of holes, are almost perfect road-surfacing for towns, save when both are just covered with a skin of mud, which glissades under both driving and steering wheels. The rear-wheel skid, when the back of one's car does its little best to come round and make acquaintance with the bonnet or get on speaking terms with the

radiator, is bad enough, but for right-down sheer helplessness commend me to the front-wheel skid—I mean, when you essay to deflect the car in a certain way, and find that, though you have got your wheels hard over, the car still pursues the undesired tenor of its way in the original direction. That will bring the fear of things generally about as near your heart as you can have any desire to bring it, and will set you thinking how best the recurrence of so blood-curdling a happening may in future be avoided. It may, and now and then does, happen to the best driver, and the only remedy is to run a non-skid upon one, preferably the near-side, steering-wheel. In such case I recommend a Parsons non-skid, because it can be easily detached when a country journey is toward.

*A New Second-
Hand Motor Agency.*

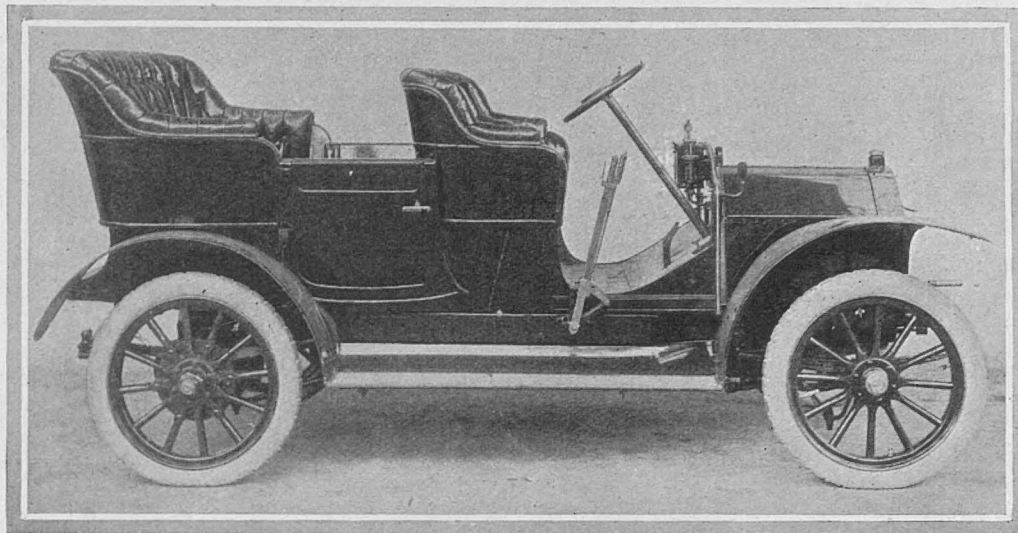
It is certainly true that the volume of second-hand business would be considerably larger if tentative motorists felt that they could buy really reliable second-hand cars, and need take no risk as to their condition at the time of purchase. Indeed, the number of motorists would be trebled to-day if those who

hesitate on the brink of attainment were convinced that they could launch out in safety. The new Motor Agency, which is handled by the London and Paris Exchange, Limited, and for which the splendid premises hitherto known as the Mors Garage, at 55-59, Shaftesbury Avenue, W., have been taken, will now step into the breach and fill the void that the would-be second-hand purchaser has hitherto felt to exist. The scheme of the London and Paris Exchange is to mark everything in plain figures, to advise every intending purchaser of any and all defects of the cars offered, and to give them an exact estimate of the cost of putting them into perfect running order. So as to be in a position to do this, each and every car brought to the garage for disposal will be carefully and critically examined by a practical expert, whose report and knowledge will be at the purchaser's disposal. On the other hand, sellers will name their lowest reserve price less the agency's ten per cent. commission, will pay nothing for garage, will be covered against all fire and burglary risks, and can take their vehicles away at any time should they desire to do so. There is garage accommodation for sixty cars, and there are already a large number of cars, including 24-h.p. four-cylinder and 30-h.p. six-cylinder Napier's, a 20-h.p. Berliet, a 28-h.p. Darracq, and a 20-30-h.p. Pilain upon the premises.

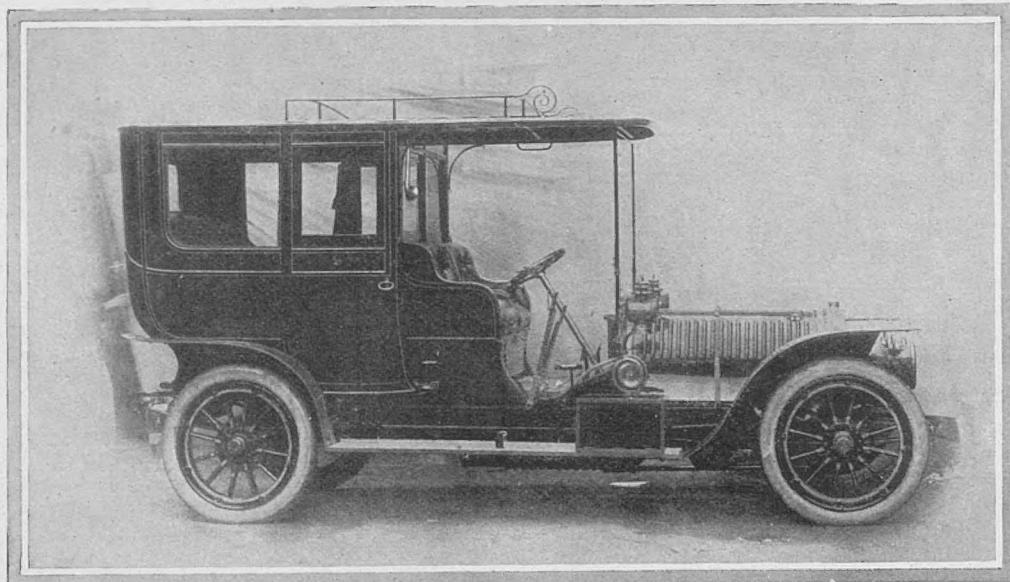
A Great Garage.

For town work pure and simple the electric landaulette is indeed hard to beat, and is therefore largely patronised by the wealthy dwellers in the fashionable parts of London. It is not

remarkable, then, that the last few days have seen the opening of the Electromobile Garage in the heart of the West End, a minute's walk from Piccadilly—in fact, in Hertford Street, where its three floors, lifts, and traversers, or rolling platforms, afford storage for 300 carriages. This completely appointed establishment consists of three floors and a flat asphalt roof, affording over two acres of floor-space. By means of the three hydraulic lifts and the traversers, any car, no matter in what part of the building, can be brought to the door in a minute. Further there is accommodation in the basement for charging 300 to 400 sets of batteries. Truly a great establishment!



THE DARRACQ STANDARD 18-H.P. DOUBLE PHAETON CAR, 1908 MODEL.
This model has the gear-box and differential in one unit.



THE 40-50-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER HOTCHKISS, FITTED WITH A LIMOUSINE BODY BY MESSRS. HAMSHAW, OF LEICESTER, THAT HAS BEEN SUPPLIED TO SIR PHILIP GREY EGERTON, Bt.

The car was supplied by the London and Parisian Motor Company, of 87, Davies Street, Oxford Street, W., who are sole agents, not only for the Hotchkiss car, but for the Vulcan.—[Photograph by Argent Archer.]

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Fraudulent Frocks.

The production of "The Thief" by Mr. George Alexander and Mr. Justice Grantham's indictment of women who dress by fraud have happened appositely. To the candid observer the woman who steals bank-notes to buy extravagant fal-lals is no worse than the woman who runs up long bills at her milliner's which she has no means — and no intention — of paying. The latter offence, indeed, is rather the worse of the two, for people should look after their own money, whereas the milliner is more or less at the mercy of her customer. She dare not ask questions or press for payment lest she should be entertaining an angel unawares — an angel, that is to say, who can pay, and means to discharge her debts at the proper time. And, after all, this feminine superstition about fine clothes is curiously naïve. Some of these ladies — like Mrs. Chelford in the new play at the St. James's Theatre — seem to think that a man's devotion depends on yards of gimp and flounces of Valenciennes. Yet everyone knows that it is not pink petticoats, nor pink cheeks, but a certain kind of personality which holds the vagrant fancy of man; in short, that elusive, mysterious, but all-conquering quality — charm. If you could buy it by the yard or the ounce there would not be shops enough in all London to sell it, and so desirable is it that one would even forgive a woman trying to acquire it as she occasionally does her frocks — by fraud.

Pets of Eminent Persons.

The more eminent the person — whether by rank or intellect — the quainter, as a rule, are their pets. We have lately been informed, in a study of Georges Sand, how that famous woman of letters was "passionately fond of the tortoises that lived in her study. One of them, called 'La Mayotte,' had the privilege of crawling about her desk and looking at her while she worked." Not everyone would sympathise with this taste for reptiles on one's desk, but after all, it is not stranger than Dante Gabriel Rossetti's addiction to hedgehogs, and his veritable passion for the wombat, which he tried to domesticate in his house in Chelsea. Then we have the asp of Sarah Bernhardt, which she wore on her person, and having lost it on one occasion in the sylvan roads of St. John's Wood, made a little feast of rejoicing for the lady who found and returned to her this strange pet. Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, again, is notoriously fond of woolly lambs, several of which interesting and plaintive little creatures she has brought up, by bottle, indoors. Roosevelt the younger — about whom we hear a great deal in the American newspapers — is so devoted to snakes that this urchin cannot be restrained from charging into rooms at the White House when Senators and Ambassadors are calling, and revelling in their embarrassment at the sight of a serpent round his neck.

The Fashion for England.

If Emperors and Kings are going to choose the South of England in December for a holiday, England will inevitably enjoy a dazzling popularity in the wintry months. People suffering from "nerves," neuritis, and appendicitis operations will be running off to Bournemouth and Bexhill instead of to Beaulieu and Bordighera,

to the saving of their banking accounts as well as of their time. The advantage of the Southern English countryside for semi-invalids in winter is that there is no sense of exile; in a couple of hours, at most, you can be back in the cheery din of London, with its dinner-parties, its *potins*, and that gay and polite indifference which is so excellent an antidote for morbid interest in one's health. Brighton is the most civilised of all British sea resorts, but it is not everyone who can stand its winter climate; but that part of Hampshire where the Kaiser Wilhelm will spend his holiday — a southern slope, backed by a great forest, and giving on the Isle of Wight — is the best sun-trap in England outside that far-away Celtic country, Cornwall. It is curious that there are no royal residences now in the South of England, and that Osborne, so beloved of Queen Victoria, has been given up to budding midshipmen.

Migrating Suburbans.

Soon we shall no longer be able to scoff at Suburbia, even if we would, because there will be no suburban target at which to aim the arrows of our mild derision. The well-to-do who used to live in the suburbs have now gone further afield. Their places have been taken, in a good many instances, by the lower class of toilers and moilers, who have no opinions and no prejudices, and can therefore be left alone. How, in future, the industrious essayist and the facile journalist will be able to placate their favourite enemy, the *épiciér*, remains to be solved. It would seem as if the London of the future will consist of a small walled town, which would include Mayfair, Belgravia, Whitehall, and a bit of Westminster, surrounded by the toiling millions in their tenements. The middle classes will have migrated to the verdant fields.

Motoritis.

A disease which is quite as prevalent as neuritis or neurasthenia is the mania for talking about motors and their interior arrangements which has seized all ages and both sexes. Women are nowadays quite as liable to the disease as men, and even betray more alarming symptoms. A man, for instance, can, and does, occasionally change the subject of his conversation to golf; but a woman once attacked by this fearful malady is lost to all other interests. One can only hope that the motorists will so bore each other with the merits of their several cars that, by common consent, the topic will soon be as much taboo in civilised society as religion or any other subject on which it is decent to be silent.



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AN EVENING GOWN IN PALE PASTEL-BLUE CHIFFON
OVER PURPLE CHIFFON.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 26.

THE American position has by no means cleared up, and grave fear of trouble in Germany has set tongues wagging more than ever. In this country in times of panic people draw their money out of the ordinary banks and hurry off to the Bank of England to beg that it may be taken care of; the Bank of England promptly lends it to the lesser institutions—on security, of course—who thus use it over and over again to pay their customers. But in the United States there is no Bank of England, and the frightened depositor takes his money away and locks it up in a strong box. Now, as there is not half enough money to go round, the position is getting more acute every day, and unless some means can be devised of bringing the hoardings back into circulation, it is difficult to see how matters are going to end.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

The Jobber had a severe cold in his head. It invariably made him fractious.

The Broker was in a bad temper because of business.

The City Editor had been too bullish to feel anything but aggrieved with the markets.

All the others look rather worried.

Into this smouldering material of combustion The Solicitor threw the remark that he doubted whether we had seen the worst of the American trouble.

The others instantly in loud voices told him everybody knew that.

The Banker, of all men, said—

"There is just one gleam of hope, and a gleam so faint that I place no faith in it whatever. By a sudden swing of the pendulum, confidence may return to the United States, and the hoarded gold be restored to the circulation of the financial world over there."

"A very forlorn hope, indeed," commented the sufferer with the cold.

The Banker hastened to agree. "We are, I fear, much more likely to see another and yet more serious blow dealt to prices."

"How will that affect Yankees?" asked The Engineer.

"Make 'em collapse worse than ever," muttered The Jobber.

"I can see Udiots at par, and Atch. at fifty."

"Rot! oh, utter rot!" scoffed The Broker.

"All right, my sud," was the reply. "Here, led go; you are hurtig be."

"Just so," laughed The Solicitor, releasing him. "We shall have Americans lower, then?"

"Not a doubt of it, I'm afraid," said the City Editor, cutting in. "'Pon my soul—"

"Didd't doe jourdalists had souls," The Jobber murmured.

"'Pon my soul, I've done my little best to make the best of things, but I'm afraid there's worse to come. I am; honestly."

"Eh?" said The Jobber.

He ducked just in time.

"Even Kaffirs go down," growled The City Editor. "And I did think there was a little hope for the last revival. Didn't you?"

"No fear!" returned The Broker. "Why, I know the whole history of the movement."

"Who engineered it this tibe?" inquired The Jobber.

"The usual little gang. Got up a regular plot: I can't call it anything else. Made prices good, and tried desperately to get the public in once more."

"Have they succeeded?" demanded The Engineer.

The Broker laughed. "Not a bit," he declared. "The result has been farcical. Only got landed with more shares themselves."

"Yet the output is good, dividends are good, the industry's in a fine position," argued The City Editor.

"And the wire-pullers play for their own hands, their own pockets, and their own politics," The Broker retorted. "The public never get a decent run for their money. They are fleeced every time, and they know it. Time they did know it, too!"

"We seem to be painfully pessimistic this morning," smiled The Banker.

The Jobber laughed: said it reminded him, for no reason at all, of a story he had just heard in the House about a man, frightfully hard up, to whom a fellow-member in compassion lent a sovereign.

"Would he get it back?" asked The City Editor.

The Jobber told him not to spoil his stories with senseless questions, and proceeded—

"What d'you think the chap did? Asked the lender to go up West with him and have a good dinner. And I'm hanged if they didn't, too! It's the solid truth. I know both the men."

The Engineer wanted to know whether anyone would lend him a sovereign on the same terms. He was "snapped," as they say in the Stock Exchange, at once.

"I did not know there was so much currency in the City." The Banker laughed as the sovereigns were produced and offered to The Engineer.

"Café de Lockhart or à la carte at Pearce and Plenty?" The Engineer queried as he took The Jobber's coin.

"What's that? Look here. Give be back by buddy," and he snatched the sovereign away. The other pounds had all vanished as though by magic.

"Talking of the Money Market," said The Solicitor, causing a general chuckle, "how will Home Rails be affected by a really tight Bank Rate?"

"Not so badly as you'd expect," The Broker nodded. "Jolly good market, even if they do go back a bit."

"It won't hurt things if they do," maintained The Engineer.

"They were run up by a rush of speculative buyers—"

"And they were put down by a rush of speculative sellers—"

"We don't want the Home Railway Market to be at the mercy of gambling groups," opined The City Editor.

"Don't we, by Jove!" The Broker exclaimed. "Speculation in Home Rails pays jolly well, I can tell you."

"Pays the broker, perhaps—"

"And the jobber," was The Broker's reply. "He makes fat turns, wide prices, and pots of money."

"Silly asses you brokers are!" was the comment of his House brother. (There is nothing makes a jobber more furious than to be envied by a broker.) "Look at the books we've got to run; look at the risks we're bound to take; look at the—"

"Platform," suggested The Broker, gently expediting his friend's descent from the compartment.

TOMBOY GOLD-MINING COMPANY.

In times of acute money-tension like those through which we are now passing, it becomes altogether beside the mark to point to any particular stock or share as being under-valued. Anyone who follows the course of prices could mention scores of shares which, judged by any former standard, are absurdly cheap to-day, and yet few people would venture to assert that an even lower level may not be reached. I am led to make these remarks for two reasons—first, because many of your readers may have been puzzled by the way in which any stock in which they happen to be interested is apparently dwindling in price without valid cause—the simple fact being that anyone who is obliged to sell at such a time has to accept any price that may be offered; and secondly, because if I point out that the shares of the mine whose name stands at the head of these notes are a bargain at their present quotation, I do not therefore mean that it would be wise to buy them unless the buyer is prepared to pay for them, and hold them, regardless of any fluctuations which may occur in a time of crisis. I think that anyone who reads the last report of the Tomboy Gold Mining Company, and the speeches made at the general meeting on Tuesday last, must come to the conclusion that in buying the shares at 1½ he can hardly lose money, whatever happens. The important facts are fairly simple. The issued capital is £300,000 in £1 shares. The mine is being developed on various levels, the lowest being the 2100 ft. level. The ore reserves actually in sight, and practically all above the 1750 ft. level, are estimated to amount to 408,000 tons. That is sufficient to keep the mill at work for four years. The estimated value of the ore is not given in the report, but Mr. Herron, the manager, has given it as his opinion that, taking into account the grade of the ore exposed, it would be well within the mark to put the profits at £8000 per month, and it may be mentioned that the three months since the date of the report have yielded an average profit of exactly this amount. Assuming these figures to be correct, we get a profit in sight of £384,000, to which has to be added £78,000 carried forward, or a total of £462,000—rather more than 30s. a share, without assigning any value whatever to the ore already developed and to be developed below the 1750 ft. level. I have not space here to go into details as to the developments in the lower levels, but, generally speaking, it may be said that they are encouraging, and promise to open up large quantities of payable ore long before the present reserves are exhausted. The next dividend is due in December.

Saturday, Nov. 16, 1907.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

P. K.—The advertisement refers to Premium Bonds, and is all rubbish. If you draw a prize you get a big profit; if not—well, very poor percentage on your money.

INVESTOR.—We have no recollection of any note on the Brewery. If there ever was one it is so long ago that it would be no use now.

RAMSAY.—(1) With the best of the iron and coal boom over, there can be no advantage in buying the shares you suggest. (2) The same answer applies to this question. (3) We would touch neither concern.

INQUISITIVE.—(1) We have no faith in the coal concern. (2) They are certainly not safe, and probably swindles.

BEAUFORT.—Your list is good, and you may retain everything. Possibly the Canadian securities will go lower, but all depends on the American position and whether the worst is over. It seems probable that the financial troubles of the United States will react on Canada, and check the present prosperity for a time.

F. B. M.—Neither concern you name would do for our own money. Buy River Plate Gas or San Paulo Railway Ordinary, or The Mint Birmingham, Ltd., Ordinary shares.

ANXIOUS.—We have no recollection of recommending the Harbour stock. Can you give us the date? At present there are many things far more attractive.

NIBS.—(1) The most profitable of the motor boom is, we think, over; but if not, there is no reason why your shares should not see your price again. (2) The mine will do little good as far as can be seen at present.

LENA.—If you will pay for what you buy we think the shares a good investment.

S. A.—The Santa Fé Land shares are a good purchase, and the present a splendid opportunity to buy.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Newbury, the Three-Year-Old Handicap may be won by Fra Diavolo. Other selections are: Alfriston Nursery, Lierre; November Nursery, Sandysike; Theale Plate, Poor Boy; Moderate Plate, Dutch; Wantage Handicap, Norrie. At Manchester, I think the following will go close: Flying Handicap, Otherwise; Brockley Handicap, Cuffs; Lancashire Nursery, Pillo; De Trafford Plate, Java; Ellesmere Handicap, Japan; County Handicap, Elfin Revel; Castle Irwell Handicap, Petual; Eglinton Nursery, Sun-gauge; Worsley Nursery, Hope; Final Plate, Avarice. I think the Manchester Handicap will be won by Lischana.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

ROYAL weddings, with one bride of the royal house of France, the other of that of the short line of Bonaparte Emperors, make quite a fashion furore. The sensational nature of the trousseau of Princess Marie Bonaparte, who is about to become niece by marriage to our own beloved Queen, contrasts with the dignified reticence about that for Madame Louise de France, now Princess Charles de Bourbon-Siciles. Only the gowns of ceremony are mentioned, and they are remarkable for their quiet beauty and excellent style.

The Princess Marie Bonaparte is a pretty girl, and a learned one. So devoted was she at one time to serious study that she took little pains with her appearance. To atone for it, she now takes much, her gowns chiefly white, because the Queen of Greece greatly prefers it to colour, amounting to the handsome total of thirty for evening wear and thirty for day. The cost of her shoes for the marriage ceremony is over a hundred pounds, while the price of her hand-towels is given at two-and-a-half guineas each. One or two of the dresses are singularly beautiful; doubtless they all are, but one or two stand prominently out. An Empire dinner-dress of white crêpe-de-Chine is deeply embroidered all round the foot and long round train with fine pearls and silver in a Greek Walls of Troy design, from which spring pomegranates tapering to the waist at intervals. The bodice part—it is in classical style—crosses over a soft white vest gathered under a band of embroidery, and sleeves of embroidery fall over the shoulders. Lines of embroidery follow the folds, and a narrow band of it encircles the waist. It is a gown of singular refinement and elegance.

Another evening-frock which I particularly admire is in white satin. The skirt falls in plain box-pleats worked with a design of daisies in pearls. Between the pleats are soft draperies of tulle flecked with bright silver and appliquéd with lilies in embroidery. The bodice is of soft lace, and tulle brilliant with silver, and over the shoulders fall deep frills of silvered lace.

Princess Louise de France had a beautiful wedding-dress. It was of that lovely soft, souple silk, with the sheen and shimmer of satin, that is called *charmeuse*. Large tapering spikes of orchids were raised upon it in rich silk and chenille embroidery. A long stole-like trimming of this passed over the shoulders and fell almost to the hem in front. The bride is so tall and elegant that these long, straight lines suited her perfectly. The long train was similarly

embroidered with a design of orchids. The veil, a triumph in the art of modern lace-making, was of point d'Angleterre, the design including the blazons of the Royal Houses of Bourbon and Orleans. It was so long that it fell almost over the whole of the train. A wreath of real orange-blossoms was worn, and a bouquet of the fragrant bridal flowers was carried. All down the front of the gown was a trail of them—not real, of course—tapering to a point at the hem. The bride made a beautiful picture.

For the signing of the contract her dress was of pale rose-pink “crêpe Mistral,” a particularly lovely fabric. Round the décolletage was rare old Valenciennes lace, held in places with motifs of embroidered flowers. The gown was Princesse in style, and was very simple and lovely. The Comtesse de Paris, whose daughters are among the handsomest Princesses in Europe, was herself attired in grey brocade, with a grey bonnet, to which was attached the widow's veil of grey crêpe without which her Royal Highness has never been seen in the daytime since the death of her husband.

The Queen of Portugal and the Duchesse d'Aosta are a pair of gloriously handsome women. They are a contrast, too, in good looks, since the Queen is brunette and the Duchess is fair. Both are more than common tall; both dress with perfect taste, and both bear themselves as daughters of a long line of Kings.

On “Woman's Ways” page will be found a drawing of an evening gown in pale pastel-blue chiffon over purple chiffon, showing a chemisette of lace with purple velvet threaded through. The folds of the bodice are caught with rosettes of purple velvet. It is a charming dress, simple, elegant, and excellent in colour. The hem is finished with rolls of velvet.

OUR COLOURED SUPPLEMENT.

WE give as a Supplement to this issue a Coloured Reproduction of one of Mr. Lawson Wood's most characteristic drawings. The subject is entitled “A Decree Nisi in the Stone Age,” and the artist has brought to it that skill for comedy with which readers of *The Sketch* are familiar. We feel sure that those who know Mr. Wood only by his black-and-white work will be much interested in him as a colourist.

OPINIONS OF CELEBRITIES.

It is a trite saying that “Self-praise is no recommendation.” The truism is peculiarly applicable in the case of a food or a tonic. Sanatogen, the tonic food, it will be seen, does not base its claims on mere statements, but on the broader and more substantial foundation of public approval. Sanatogen has won the endorsement of thousands of physicians and of people of the highest standing, well known in the community, whose testimony, therefore, is unimpeachable.

“WHITEHALL COURT, S.W.,

“My experience of Sanatogen has been that as a tonic nerve food it has on more than one occasion done me good.”

Haas Carne

Sanatogen is not merely a wonderful tonic, it is also a most important and special food in concentrated form. It builds up the system whilst toning the nerves and stimulating the brain. In fact, it gives to body, brain, and nerves their essential food in precisely the form in which they can the most readily take hold

of it and appropriate it to their various needs. As a consequence of these special virtues, Sanatogen is singularly beneficial in cases of nervousness, dyspepsia, anæmia, and sleeplessness, and wherever a really reliable body and nerve builder is required.

Mr. Marshall Hall, the eminent K.C., writes—

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“I think it only right to say that I have tried Sanatogen and I believe it to be a most excellent food.”

Marshall Hall

Sanatogen is a powerful restorative and recuperative for the invalid. It can be borne by the weakest stomach, and, when everything else is rejected, Sanatogen can be given with perfect safety. Not only the invalid, but the healthy person, also, will find Sanatogen of great value as a means of maintaining bodily and mental vigour. It is proved to be highly effective when either mind or muscle is called upon to put forth an extra effort.

Sir John Hare, the distinguished actor, says of it:

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“I have found Sanatogen a most valuable tonic and stimulant during a period when I had to work very hard under conditions of great weakness and ill-health. I can heartily recommend it to those working under similarly distressing circumstances.”

John Hare

When in need of a tonic, or when not enjoying that feeling of well-being that denotes perfect health, one should at once take a course of Sanatogen. It is pleasant to take; it refreshes the mental powers, invigorates the system, and restores buoyancy and elasticity. It makes a joy of living. Sanatogen is sold by all Chemists, in Packages, 1s. 9d., 2s. 9d., 5s., and 9s. 6d.

Those interested in getting well and keeping well should read an engrossing booklet by Dr. C. W. Saleeby, F.R.S.E., the well-known medical writer. It is entitled “The Will to Do,” and treats of matters of vital importance to our well-being in general, and on modern nerve ailments in particular. The publishers, Messrs. F. Williams and Co., 83, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C., will send a copy entirely free of charge if mention is made of this paper.

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